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FOREWORD

Five Years Ago and Now

MRS. T. A. LAMBIE, Editor

1. **Five years ago**, when we arrived in Abyssinia, there was but one other Protestant Missionary in the country, Dr. Cedarquist of the Swedish Evangelical Mission. **Now** there are twelve Swedish, eight Seventh Day Adventist, and twenty-four United Presbyterians in the American Mission.

2. **Five years ago** there were no Hospitals. **Now** there are two American Hospitals, one at Sayo in charge of Dr. Gilmor and Miss Beatty. One at Addis Ababa in charge of Dr. Lambie, Dr. Wilmoth and Miss Ewing, and one very inferior government hospital built years ago by some Russians for Menelik, it had practically ceased to exist, but is now somewhat revived and is in charge of a French Military doctor and Catholic Sister.

3. **Five years ago** there was one Protestant Swedish Mission School in Addis Ababa, and one Government School, One French Catholic in Harrar and one in Addis Ababa. **Now** there are in addition to these one Swedish Mission School, Addis Ababa, one American Mission School at Sayo, one at Gorei, and one small beginning in Addis Ababa.

4. **Five years ago** there was one Protestant Service on Sabbath in Addis Ababa. **Now there** are services at Sayo, Gorei and Nakimpti and two additional ones in Addis Ababa.

5. **Five years ago** the Catholics were working only in Harrar and Addis Ababa. **Now** they are established in Nakimpti, Sayo and Jimma and perhaps other places we do not know of.

6. **Now** are we to rest content with the present attainment or are we to advance? The Governors of Gojam and Tigre want us to go and open Medical work. A Hospital is needed at Gore. The people are looking to us and begging us for a Girl's Boarding School in Addis Ababa. Every place one goes one finds an eager hunger to hear God's word. Pray ye the Lord of the Harvest that He will send forth laborers into this field truly white for the Harvest.

SAYO FIVE YEARS AGO

By Mrs. T. A. Lambie

THEY say that retrospection is a sign of old age. Well, what if it is—experience comes with age and what would life be without any experience? So let us retrospect a while.

It does not seem possible that it is five years since we got our first glimpse of Sayo. That first glimpse of the Sayo hill with its eucalyptus trees outlined against the Western sky, obscured now and then by fitful bursts of raindrops and low hung clouds scurrying on their way, leaving trailing veils of mist.

How our hearts throbbed with the mystery of the unknown as we rode up and down hill, drenched with rain and cold to the very marrow of our bones, for there is no cold like the cold of a cold tropical rain.

Over fifteen years ago, God had suggested to the Egyptian Mission that they go up and occupy Abyssinia. How slowly we move and how patient God is. Twice before had He spoken personally to us and the Third call could not be ignored and here we were actually up on the famous Abyssinian Plateau. What was God's plan? Were we simply to

"spy out the land" and then go back to Nasser, or was this the first step on a road God had marked out for our Church? These were questions which were constantly suggesting themselves. At last, we actually did arrive at the elusive Hill and wound about through lovely (their lovliness appeared later) lanes and through a narrower gate into the yard of the house, which a Greek merchant going on leave had kindly

RESIDENCE AT ADDIS ABABA, ABYSSINIA.

Erected by the Women's Board. Time in building September 9th to December 11th. Occupied by Dr. Lambie and family, Misses White, Ewing and Davison. Taken August 1924.

placed at our disposal. There were no eager missionaries awaiting to give us a friendly welcome; there were no comfortable mission houses with cheerful fire places and bath rooms; there were no lovely Mission compound with flourishing gardens and flowers blooming five years ago. Instead we entered a small yard and stiffly dismounted at the door of a cheerless house of an absent owner. We entered eagerly and hopefully—longing for the warm comfort of a house which quickly becomes a home, where love and the family are. Alas we nearly fell over a Greek, who was employed in the center room of the three in a row, which composed the house, taking bricks from a stack beside him and laying them in a mass of mud mortar which he took from a heap and spread over the ground. The room at the left was a muddle of bricks and mud; the one at the right filled with our possessions which had preceded us. The most imperative need was dry clothing. Wallace and Betty, who were much smaller than now, were hastily undressed and wrapped in blankets and laid on the table for future reference and Tom and I delved in boxes for a change of raiment, all around. As we worked we wondered how we were ever going to eat and sleep in such a small place, but

when things get to that state of hopelessness God always provides a way of escape and ours came in the shape of a friendly Greek who called and asked us to occupy his absent partner's house until our floors were completed.

We gladly accepted, and when we got the children dressed we bundled our dry things together and sent them on ahead; then as the hour of sunset approached waded and slid with water slushing in our shoes to the more cheerful house. A servant was bustling about and asked if we would dine then or later. We felt ready for any meal, and as soon as we were re-dressed he brought in the most wonderful fried potatoes, eggs, coffee and bread. After that life seemed a little more worth while.

We went out and walked about the compound exclaiming at the profusion of roses blooming and there were peach trees, fig trees and strawberry vines. The rain had stopped and the setting sun made a glorious paradise of the garden. The sunny Sudan lost a little of the pull it had been exerting as we shivered up the mountain. About seven o'clock the servant produced another meal which the cool invigorating air made us able to enjoy, this time we had delicious lamb chops and fresh vegetables from the garden.

There was really only one room in that house that was at our own disposal, so after the evening meals were finished the cots were brought in and made up. Before breakfast could be served the cots had to be folded up and taken out. The next day was Sabbath—breakfast was scarcely over when visitors began to arrive; crowds came, all gradations of society from the high officials clad in snowy white flowing robes to the poor slaves covered with dirty old rags, bearing gifts of lovely yellow butter covered with fresh green banana leaves, jars of honey and baskets of eggs. At the end of the first day we were tired but felt that there was a place for us in the hearts of the people and a few days later we were summoned to visit the Governor Gejaz Biru, two days journey away. He was most cordial and deeply interested in medical work. During that visit he promised to come and see us after the rains and give us a property suitable for our work, all of which was done in due season.

And so it was "five years ago" the work began at Sayo. Some of those who are at Sayo will tell you how things are now. I am sure if you could have seen it then and now you would feel it was well worth while. Do you want to help in the writing of the Story of the Next Five Years?

EVANGELISTIC WORK—SAYO

By Rev. B. B. Buchanan

GO to the average peasant in the Province of Walaga. Ask him what these Americans are doing at Dumbi, the native name applied to the town of Sayo. The chances are he will tell you that they are doctors. Those who live in the immediate vicinity of Sayo will probably add that they are teachers.

The priests and most of the officials likely would volunteer the information that these "farrangis" or foreigners are teachers of religion. In all probability the majority of the people fail to understand very fully just why these strange outsiders are here. But there is nucleus and it is growing—that appreciate just why these Americans are here: they are trying to point men to Christ by life and by word.

SAYO INDUSTRIES

Fifteen cents worth of wood on its way to market at Sayo.

Bringing in bananas from the garden,

Water system at Sayo. Standard oil tins hung on either side of the donkey carry the water up the steep hill to the mission compound.

Water through a pipe is an innovation in Abyssinian life. Spring on American mission premises at Sayo.

Courtesy of the Foreign Board.

Our Program

The program at present is largely that of cultivating the Mission community. An endeavor has been made to strengthen the stakes rather than to lengthen the cords. It is a stage of preparation. Before long there promises to be many openings. We work and pray and believe that there will be Abyssinian workers to extend the front lines at that time.

It seems far wiser to go slowly at first. We do not wish to antagonize the old state Church. The Abyssinian Church is a Christian Church in name although it is corrupt and has largely lost the true spirit of the Master. Ill feeling and even hatred could easily result from a program of aggression and opposition.

Surely it would be unwise at this time to proceed with the organization of an Evangelical Church separate and apart from the Abyssinian Church. How much better to cooperate with the Church of the country, a Christian Church even though it is decadent and more Christian in name than in reality. The Abyssinian Mission acting on this principle has refused baptism to the few that have asked for it. Our people have encouraged these new Christians to be baptized in the Abyssinian Church.

It is agreed that a deliberate advance is preferable to one that is marked by both rashness and haste. An open break may come some day. The Master found it so. But in the meantime Divine leading seems to point to a program of cooperation with the native Church, if this is at all possible. A spirit of Christian brotherhood and helpfulness should go a long way in bringing about a real quickening in the Native Church. Christ's program calls for building up, for transformation, for that which is constructive. We are endeavoring to make His program our program and so to avoid all that which tends to embitter and to tear down.

The Abyssinian Church is not the whole problem. No, not by any means. There are hosts of pagans in need of the Gospel—"the Gospel for the plain folk" as Dan Crawford describes it. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of the Galla people have no connection with the Abyssinian Church. Many of these people hold to an animistic type of religion. Trees, mountains and stones are worshiped by many. Witchcraft and superstition hold sway. Within a few miles of Sayo there are or have been several witch doctors.

Thus far the evangelistic endeavor of this station has been confined for the most part to the people who come to our hilltop for medical treatment, for study in the schools, for employment, and other numerous reasons. We have done little away from the compound. But there are open doors already. There is much work to be done among the women and in the homes. There are certain places where it may soon seem practical to open up work.

Last Year's Progress

How misleading statistics are. Statistics do not begin to tell the story. For they cannot tell the spiritual growth in certain lives. They cannot show how certain individuals have backslided. They cannot point out how certain souls "marked time" in things of God, to use a military figure. Statistics can only tell in a general way what has been accomplished through and by the blessing of the Spirit.

In June of 1923 forty-four men and boys confessed Christ as their Lord and Master. Four months later in October twenty seven others made a public profession of their faith in Christ. In May

and June of 1924 sixty one additional accepted Jesus as their personal Savior. This makes a total of one hundred thirty-two prior to July 1924. It is of interest to the members of the Women's General Missionary Society that twenty of these are women and girls.

In some cases people have been discouraged from taking this step. The people of Abyssinia as well as many other people of the Orient are inclined to be a bit lax in such matters. However, considering their background, the faithfulness among these people is to be commended.

Not Individualistic

Sayo's evangelistic work is the concern of every missionary. It is the least individualistic phase of our entire work. For example, two are actively engaged in the Medical work. Two families and a young lady have a special interest in educational work. One man has charge of the Industrial phase. But every member of the station contributes in a large way to the evangelistic work. We are glad that this is so. There are many types of contacts with men. The Blessed Master found it so. He not only spoke to mens hearts and souls through the medium of public speech. He often conversed with but a few or even one individual. The medical work affords many opportunities for soul winning that otherwise we would not have. Dr. Gilmor and Miss Beatty together with Otto Taffara, the Abyssinian assistant are doing much in the way of telling the people the old, old story. Quite recently Miss Beatty made arrangements whereby the poor wood women that bring wood to the hospital might be taught about Jesus. Two of the native women employed in the hospital are used in bringing the Message to their sisters from time to time. On one Monday morning not long ago twenty-six women were taught. Mr Henry has an opportunity to do evangelistic work among the workmen. Mr. and Mrs. Henry are doing good work along this line with their seventy boarding school boys. Miss Blair conducts the Bible study in the morning school. She also joins with the girl's prayers in the girls boarding school. Bible study is also a daily event in the Galla afternoon school. Morning prayers with the houseboys are held in the three households.

Mrs. Gilmor's work among the women should be given special mention. Three times a week she instructs the women in Bible study. This work is entirely voluntary on the part of Mrs. Gilmor. For this reason her services are more than ordinarily appreciated. Usually the womens work is carried on by a missionary of the Womens' Missionary Society. We are glad that an associate missionary is willing to devote so much of her time to this important work. The other two homekeepers of the station join with Mrs. Gilmore in the Wednesday afternoon womens' meeting. At this time useful arts such as sewing are taught the women. Once a month a social time is given these women, the most of whom have very little pleasures in their lives—lives that would seem to many Americans as little more than drab existance. The attendance at most of these Wednesday afternoon meetings is in the neighborhood of sixty.

Evangelistic Services.

Every meeting held in our compound could rightly be classed as an evangelistic service. These include morning and evening prayers at the hospitals for both in-patients and out-patients, household prayers, prayers in the two boarding schools, devotions in the two day

schools, prayers with the workmen. Friday night play with the boys, womens' meetings and a Gospel talk to the beggars on Saturday noon.

The special evangelistic services are as follows: Sabbath School, Sabbath Native Church in the morning and Sabbath afternoon boys' meeting. One might also include two meetings already mentioned. One of these is the Friday evening play for the boys and young men. After two hours of sport a message is brought to the boys from the "Holy Book", as the Gallas call the Bible. The other is the Bible message brought to the beggars on Saturday. Sometimes Gidada, our blind friend, brings this message. Sometimes a missionary is the speaker.

The Sabbath School is well attended. The morning worship on Sabbath usually brings some two hundred thirty to two hundred fifty people. Our present building is inadequate for the numbers that come. The aisles are too crowded for comfort. A full house is a common thing. We eagerly look forward to the time when we shall have a much larger place of worship. If someone with ordinary means is desirous of making an investment in Kingdom enterprise, building a Church for Sayo is the thing to do.

Reaching Out

Thus far we have had little opportunity to reach out to surrounding communities some little distance removed from Sayo. But in July of 1924 our first move along this line was made. It was decided to experiment in the matter of placing an Abyssinian worker at Burka Badessa. a little town two hours by mule from Sayo. This village is not only the abode of some twenty five or thirty families, it is the stopping place of many carriers going from Gambeila to Sayo. During the greater part of the year there are several hundred carriers engaged in hauling coffee from Western Abyssinia to Gambeila. Their return cargo is often salt which is imported into this country.

These carriers stay overnight in Burka Badessa. Many of them stop for a longer time. Since it is a stop-over for many of these men it presents the opportunity of reaching many Abyssinians and Anuaks that would otherwise probably never hear the Good News.

OTTO GIDADA
Our blind evangelistic worker and his assistant. (not his wife)

Otto Gidada, Sayo's blind convert and lay-preacher, was sent to Burka Badessa the latter part of July. Thus far there are good reports of the good that he has accomplished. Twice each day groups of people gather to hear Gidada explain the Scriptures. The average group numbers about forty-five. Occasionally

there are as many as sixty. The people are glad to hear the Word of God in this way. A few days ago a number of alphabet cards were sent to assist the people in learning to read, so that later they may be able to read God's Book for themselves. In the future there is the possibility of opening a small school. We have reason to believe that God is using this method of reaching the people of Burka Badessa as well as reaching many carriers.

A Training Centre

Sayo is a prominent trading centre in Western Abyssinia. The American Mission aspires to make Sayo a prominent training centre for Christianizing Abyssinia. This is already a soul saving station. But in order to perpetuate and to enlarge to a great extent the little that has been accomplished we must help in raising up Abyssinian workers. Abyssinia will be led to Christ chiefly by her own people, not by outsiders. We face the same problem as missionaries face in every mission field, be it a new field of be it a long established mission field. "We must decrease but they must increase", to change the phraseology of John used under different circumstances.

So far there is not a large group of prospective native doctors, teachers and preachers. But certain of our boys are proving themselves Christians of excellent calibre. We have high hopes of having within a few years a strong body of Christian young men who will go out to tell the glad tidings to those who have never heard them. We can see in vision a few young men who will heal and dispense medicines in small clinics here and there. We feel certain that it will not be long until there are some school teachers going out from here to establish small village schools, schools that are self-supporting. In the little hospital there are several boys in training as amateur medical workers. In our schools there are one hundred forty boys and girls, some of whom will develop into splendid Christian men and women. Among our most valuable men at present are Otto Taffara, the first assistant at the hospital and Otto Gumachoo. language teacher and also teacher in the schools.

Pray that Sayo may be used effectively as a training centre for "fishers of men."

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

By (Mrs P. E.) Esther McCracken Gilmor.

"EVANGELISTIC Work Among The Women"—so reads the assignment. But what shall one write? People at home are "result seekers", to those of us on the field the real results are often those we do not care to write about. It has seemed best to the writer to give you sketches of several of our women. Their life stories are all different as you will see. Their temptations, their struggles, and problems have all been different from ours and yet none the less real. So the purpose in writing these sketches is this—that you, the reader, may determine whether or not Evangelistic Work among the women at Sayo has been profitable.

Azeda

We think first of her who is the wife of our interpreter, Tafara. You all have heard of Tafara, I am sure. Azeda is his wife. Her parents were Amharas that is people of the ruling class. Her father was a priest. Early in life she was taught the principals of Christianity and was a nominal Christian. When only ten years of age she was married to an Amhara. Her husband died in the

Abyssinian Civil War, leaving her a widow at twelve. Her two brothers gave her as a gift to an Amhara man. The agreement was she was to be his servant, and in exchange for services rendered was to receive home, food, clothes, and twenty thalers (U. S. $10.00) a year. The man soon forgot his agreement. Paid her nothing, did not give her any clothing, no money, and her food consisted in whatever she was fortunate enough to seek out for herself. On making the slightest mistake she was beaten severely.

This man was given a title by the Abyssinian Government and was sent out to this part of the country. On the road out he was most cruel to all of his servants. While traveling Azeda determined that upon the first opportunity she would run away. Opportunity presented itself and she ran to the home of a widow, whom she asked to hide her. The woman at first agreed, but after having taken counsel with her neighbors, decided that it was dangerous. Was this man not a powerful Abyssinian official? If this woman was found in her house would she not be punished? So at sunset, the widow turned Azeda out, suggesting that she go to the forest and hide. Friendless and fearful was she. Night was coming on. Where could she go? The forest was the only answer. And to the forest she went—the forest the place of refuge for so many Abyssinian refugees. Azeda's own story is that she could not sleep because of the constant howling of the hyenas. And those of us who live here know something of how she felt. The cry of hyenas at any time is most gruesome—but when one is worn out physically or depressed—the cry of a hyena at night becomes the acme of horror. The next morning as soon as her master's people left their camping place, Azeda returned to the widow's home. She learned that she had another brother living one days journey distant. She went to him and was gladly received into his home.

And then Tafara enters into the story. He had finished his studies at Addis Ababa and what could follow more naturally than a desire for a home? But finding a wife is not always easy in Abyssinia (and for some difficult in America.) A friend told him about a woman who lived on the edge of the forest. Made her sound so interesting that Tafara started out to put the question before her. On arriving there, he learned that in the meantime she had been promised to another. But our widow friend who lived nearby told him of our heroine. What "he said" and "she said" our interpreter in giving me this story omitted. But accept him she did. At first she was most happy with him, but soon kind friends intervened and told her she had made a mistake in marrying a Protestant and she would bring much sorrow upon herself. As Tafara's custom was he read aloud the Bible morning and evening. But Azeda always managed to have something more important to do at such times. But her spare moments were spent working out her own salvation by making numerous prayers and gifts to the saints.

About this time her husband became associated with the American Mission at Sayo. He was eager to have his wife attend the Bible Lessons given for women. She came because she was sent, but kept on in her own beliefs. Her husband having learned differently wanted to free his slaves. Azeda would not hear to this. Her gifts and prayers to the saints were continued. Days of fasting were religiously kept. And "result seekers" would have found little

in her life to give encouragement. But again, "His word was accomplishing the purpose where unto it was sent," and the Spirit was quietly working. And then Azeda puzzled us all by dropping out of the Bible Class. One afternoon she called with her husband, and suggested to the teacher that it would be much better to have two classes. Her reasons were that the Amhara woman learnt more quickly than did the Galla women. The Amhara women found it uninteresting to go over and over the same lessons. The teacher knew only too well how true this all was, but recognized also that there was another reason for wanting the desired change. The result of the interview was the starting of another class for Amhara women. There is room for much discussion as to whether or not this was a wise move or not. But the teacher thought it was the best thing to do at the time. Incidentally through this the mission were enabled to become real good friends to two women whose husbands are priests in the Abyssinian Church. And these friendships have been lasting and some good accomplished we hope.

And then Tafara tells us the change came. She listened to the daily Bible readings. Gave up prayers and gifts to the saints. Soon dropped the observance of fast days. She has been growing, but there is still much to be desired. Like lots of the rest of us her besetting sin is Pride. She still feels she is much above the Galla women. She is not slow in choosing the place where she wants to sit, and who shall be her companions. But her husband tells us that she is much different now. And to me, what he says means much, for surely when those of our own house, those who work with us each day, see a difference we know that His Spirit is working.

Hada Nese.

Hada Nese is a Galla woman who was born right near our Mission Compound. During the early part of her life there was a famine in these parts, and she was taken by her brothers to the country of Amphilo. Her brothers died there. She was still young and neighbors took her

1. AZEDA. 2. HADA NESE. 3. ITAFERO

in. But when she became a burden, these friends sold her and she was taken to Gedami. In telling me this story she said she thought that she was about ten years old at this time. The people in Gedami being able to sell her for more money than they had paid sold her again. And then once again she was sold, this time to a wealthy man who gave her as a wife to one of his servants. Now it is interesting to note that even though she did not belong to the slave race, yet she was sold many times. Two little

children were born, and according to her story she was happy. Her husband was good to her and provided for her very well. At this time the dreaded disease of smallpox was in that country her husband got it and died. Then the master of her husband sold her little boy into another country, and took her little girl into his own home. One of Hada Nese's brothers was still living. He took the case to court, proving that while neither she nor her husband were slaves, yet they were being sold as ordinary slaves. The decision was that she should be set free. So once again she returned to Sayo, where her last baby was born. It was now necessary for her to earn her own living, and as is the custom for many Galla women, she took corn bread and wood to the market to sell. While there one day she met two of our mission boys, one a servant in one of the missionary's home. Hada Nese had known the parents of these boys. She was very happy to see them, and inquired all about them. These boys invited her to come and visit them at the mission compound. But for some reason she did not come. Then one morning, many days later she came to the mission to sell grass. After finishing her business she set about to find her friends and found them both down with the smallpox. They asked her to come and take care of them. Friend Missionary came to the rescue, provided a place and funds, and soon Hada Nese, with her little boy was living on the compound, where she has been ever since. After the boys were well she earned money by cleaning wheat. Then when the hospital was started she became cook and has been there ever since. Of course through all these years she has been hearing Bible stories, and was the first woman at Sayo to accept Christ as her Saviour. Her little boy can read and each morning and evening she has him read to her from the New Testament.

Her life has been a sad one, she still carries a burden She knows where her two little children are, knows the horrible conditions under which they are living, and knows also that she can never have them for her own. This story was told to the writer just one week after her only little daughter was taken to the Home above. We felt our burden heavy, but as Hada Nese said to me, "Gifti, you know where your baby is. She is safe. My children are not safe, and they are not learning anything about Jesus". I asked her if nothing could be done about getting her children. She smiled and said "No, I have no hope now, but when my prayers are answered, I shall see them in "The Sweet Bye and Bye".

(this song has been translated into the Galla)

Itafero

Itafero was born in Addis Ababa. Her parents were Amharas. As a child she had not any education. When ten years old she was married. Her married life was most happy, until her brothers stepped in to change things for her. They suggested that she come out to this country. They would make her "a great lady", giving her property, pretty clothes, slaves, and position. So even though she had a good husband and was happy she left him in order to gain riches. She was not in this country long until her dream failed. Her brother sold her as a wife to an Amhara man. At first this man was very good to her, but when he found that she was soon to become a mother, he left her. An Amhara woman living near took her in. But after her little son was born she never seemed to gain any strength. She

had been ill about a month, and did not seem to be getting any better, and her friend thinking that she must have a very bad disease deserted her. Days went by. Sometimes outsiders would come in and feed the baby for her, but most often she was alone. She said she was so weak that she had much difficulty in raising herself to the elbow in order that she might feed the baby. She became weaker and weaker. One day the doctor was making calls in that neighborhood and a man stopped him and asked him to come and see a woman who was very ill. The doctor thought that she was in a critical condition and the baby practically starved. Several calls were made and finally she was brought to the mission hospital. She was in bed two months more at the hospital, and each day was hearing the Bible stories. She said she was most interested in the stories of Christ's healings. And she secretly resolved that if Christ would save her baby, then she would believe in Him. Both Itafero and her baby are well now, and she has confessed Christ as her Saviour. When she was able for work she was asked to fluff cotton at the hospital. Her work was always satisfactory. Itafero is now mother to some little orphans who have been adopted by the mission. She is quick, attractive, and bright, but best of all is her loving disposition which makes her capable to care for these motherless kiddies.

And now you have read three life stories—there are many more. They must be left unwritten for the present because the writer resembles the brook which goes on forever, and already exceeded the number of assigned words. There are others I wanted to tell you about, but their time will come again. Is it worth while to teach women? Do they understand what you teach? Yes, I think it is worth while, and the essential things they get I know. What do you think.

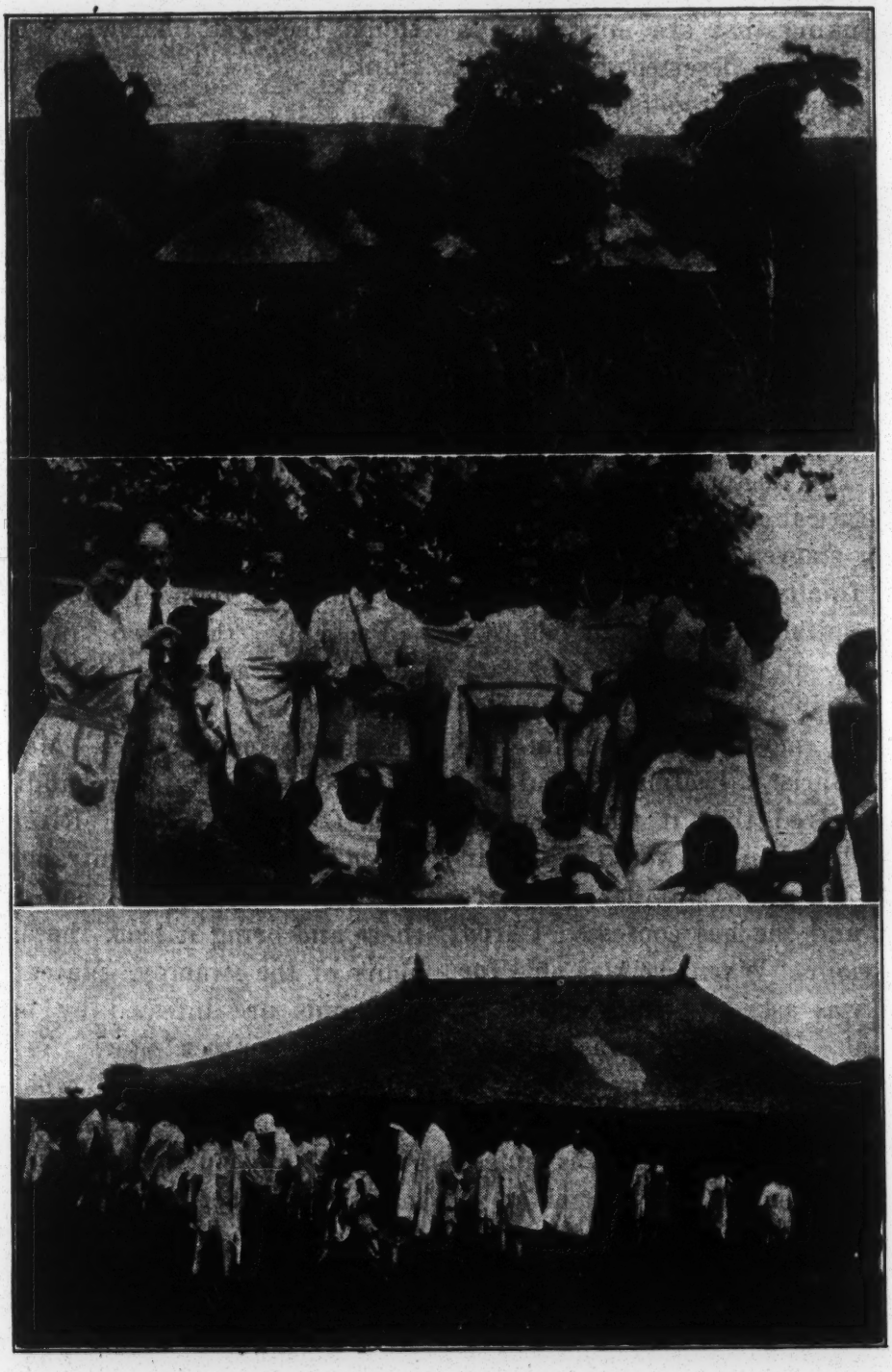
INTERESTING DISEASES FOUND IN THE MEDICAL WORK AT SAYO.

By P. E. Gilmor, M. D.

SAYO, Abyssinia, is located within the tropical zone, but on account of its elevation of more than 6000 feet above the sea-level, its temperature is much more moderate than that which we generally think of as being found in the tropics. This condition does not prohibit the presence of practically all of those diseases and conditions which are generally found in the tropics.

Probably the two diseases most commonly associated with tropical medicine are malaria and dysentery. These are common here. Many men in this section carry merchandise to and from Gambela, Sobat River, Sudan, which is the port of entrance to this section of Abyssinia. They get malaria there and bring it back here, so that many of the swampy places in these highlands are infested by malaria infected mosquitoes, now. As a general rule it is only the men who get this disease, except where families live near swamps. So much is this the case that in discussing her sickness with a woman a few days ago, she was asked if she had ever had malaria, and the answer given as sufficient by her friends was "Is she not a woman?"

The most interesting thing noted about dysentery is that the cases come in greater numbers just after the rains start each season. This is a reflection upon the conditions under which the people obtain their water supply, and the poor arrangements for waste disposal. It seems almost like a waste



A typical native village. This will contain one family with all the married connections. These villages are found every half mile or so on good land.

The hospital force. At left Miss Beatty and Dr. Gilmor. Women in front clean and fluff cotton and cook food. Boys help in dressings, serving food, doing washing, running errands, etc.

Sabbath morning at Sayo. "Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Courtesy of the Foreign Board.

of energy to try to teach the people about these things at the present time, because of the poor attention which they give to these matters.

Each year many people die from malaria or dysentery, yet we have specific medicines for treating both conditions.

In addition to these diseases we find here in epidemics, smallpox and typhus fever. Both of these have a high rate of fatality. However, now that one can obtain smallpox vaccine in the dry powder form, which has vitality after many months removal from ice, the prospects for overcoming this disease are good but in reality little can be done for typhus until all people learn better personal hygiene.

Tuberculosis and leprosy present problems of their own. Both comparatively common in this land. One sees pitiful cases of both diseases here. Lepers and children of lepers spend most of their time begging. The children of lepers think that they will get the disease if they do any work, so they do nothing but beg. Some even ride over the countries on mules making annual visits to different sections. They quite often become rich.

Elephantiasis is a very important disease. Various parts of the body are affected. These parts enlarge sometimes to a great size, and with these enlargements a person may have a very ridiculous appearance. In some cases one foot and leg are affected, these may be ten or twelve inches in thickness while the other is normal and only one-fourth or one-third that size. Very large masses are sometimes formed which may be removed by operation. In one such case thirty pounds of material were removed; another case which we have seen had a tumor mass which probably would weigh fifty pounds. This latter person has been unable to travel in for operation.

Snake bites and scorpion stings are uncommon in this part of Africa, but another pest causes probably more suffering here than snake bites and scorpions do in the whole of Africa. This pest is a variety of chigger, called by the Galla people "Boguli". In form they are first a small flea. The female enters under the skin to deposit her eggs. The favorite site is under or about the toe nails. If left alone she enlarges to about fifteen times her original size until she becomes as large as a small pea. Soon after her entrance under the skin, the part becomes very itchy, and to sensitive persons no relief is really obtained until the insect is removed. When a person has several in one toe, he frequently gets an infection, and in case dirt gets into the wound made by the removal of a boguli, the same thing results. Sometimes children are brought for treatment where a whole toe ulcerates away, or the infection may affect the whole foot and leg. In a case of malaria brought to our hospital the man had lain by the roadside for more than a month. The soles of both feet and all of his toes were filled with these insects, practically all of them nearly as large as peas. He had been too helpless to give his feet any attention: In each foot there were more than fifty bogulies. One woman and two of her children removed 96 bogulies from their feet in three days. It is a delicate performance to remove these insects from underneath the toenails, and a most painful one.

When we were children many of us were told of the good qualities of ants. Solomon gives some advice regarding them also, so that we came to admire them. Residence in Abyssinia tends to

change this opinion in some of us. Personally we have lost all admiration for them. Admiration has turned to hate, and for some very good reasons. Recently we were traveling across country, each night pitching our tents in as good a place as we could find. One evening we found a very nice location, quite a distance from an Abyssinian village. Before we had been there long we found we were very close to a city, and during the night we realized what a very large city it was. Then it was that we decided that the inhabitants numbered close to the number found in New York or London, certainly several millions. About midnight we were attacked by these millions of ants. There were very large ones with huge mandibles, medium sized ants with smaller jaws and even smaller ants also. They traveled in columns, and evidently thought that we were "their meat". It was not so bad for the older people for we could remove them ourselves, but it was indeed hard for the children and particularly for the baby. The ants bit the baby all over the body including inside her nose and ears. Such insect bites often poison the body of infants and cause much trouble, particularly when located on such parts as the eyelids.

The white ants are common throughout all Central Africa. They eat most kinds of wood and similar substances as cloth and leather, unless they are chemically protected. Sometimes when the native makes his bed on the ground these ants come up out of the ground and eat the man's clothing. We have not known of them attacking any man's body as the other ants do.

Intestinal worms are present in practically all Abyssinians, and in the case of many of them a great loss of blood occurs in this way. Tapeworms, round worms, and hook worms are the most common. The real, regular, dyed in the wool Abyssinian, takes his tapeworm medicine every two months. He does this to partly rid himself of his worm or worms. He does not expect to get entirely rid of them, in fact he does not care, for if he did get rid of them he would only get some more, for he is constantly eating raw or half cooked meat, and he does not care to give up the practice. Various worms do much towards lessening the Abyssinians' resistance towards other diseases, so that in case of any serious illness it seems necessary to start off treating intestinal parasites.

Animal bites are sometimes responsible for bringing people to our hospital. Not long ago a small boy was brought to us for treatment. He was about eleven years old. It had been his duty to watch the corn. The day before his coming, he was on guard when several baboons came to eat the grain. He tried to drive them away with a stick and most of them ran except one of the grandfather baboons which attacked the boy, and bit large gashes in his back and thigh. One of these bites was fully five inches long and an inch deep.

We are happy to say that in spite of the dirty chewed up grass and other things put into the wounds that the poor boy got well, and although he was a little shy at first before he went home he could tell numerous Gospel stories that he had learned at the hospital.

Another patient we had was a man who was bitten on the foot by a hyena. His recovery was good. Sometimes we receive requests for medicine for mules, sheep or other cattle. In general these casese are referred to our industrial man. But we may have a field of use-

fullness in teaching and helping with inoculation of animals to prevent some of the contagious diseases of stock.

In addition to the practice of medicine in general and all its specialties on human beings and some phases of vetinary medicine, the missionary physician also finds a certain amount of work along dental lines. As far as this concerns the Abyssinian this consists of extraction of teeth, but it is advisable to assist the missionaries at an earlier stage of their trouble than the natives are willing to present themselves for treatment. This is done by using temporary fillings.

The Abyssinians sometimes try to extract teeth with their own instruments. One man came to us who had had a tooth pulled several years ago. It was an upper jaw molar. In order to remove the tooth, his "so called' friend took out a part of the bone, breaking off the back half of the right upper jaw. A part of this of course, remained in his face and ulcerated out, with the result that part of this bone was outside his cheek and a larger part still in his mouth but all dead bone. The surrounding flesh extruded the bone from the fleshy part and healed up quite well. We removed the bone in pieces with practically no pain to him but he did not care to have the remaining hole through his cheek closed up.

These are our friends and consequently your friends . Your prayers for them daily will bring them under the healing power of Jesus, who will not only cure that physical sickness, but also the greater sickness of sin.

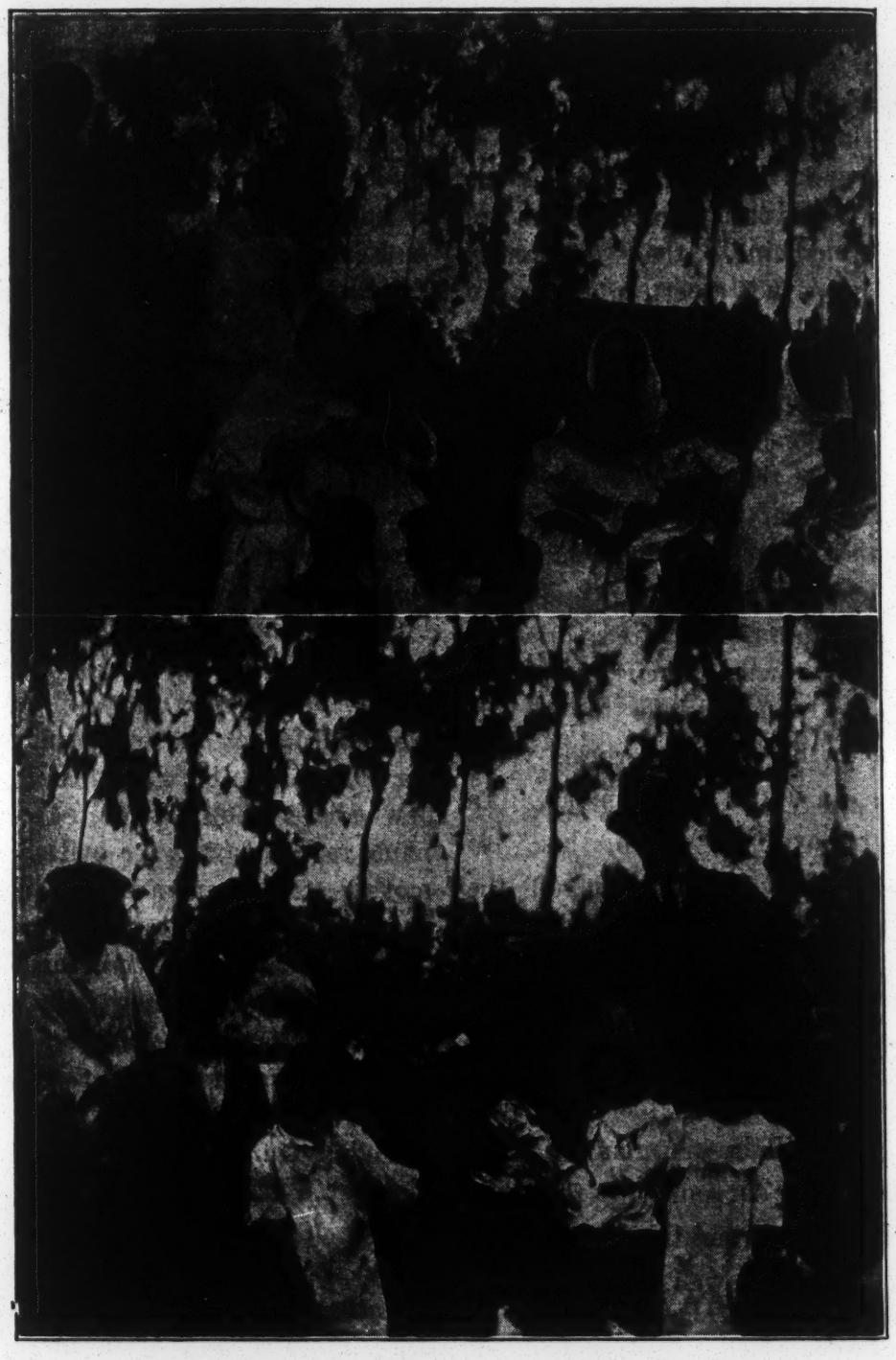
CARE OF ABYSSINIAN MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN

By Miss Ruth C. Beatty

HOW thankful we should be that we were born in a land where Christ is known. In this land of Abyssinia it is a case of, "The Survival of the fittest." Little Lemu, (meaning two) and Sade (meaning three), have little of the care that the children in America receive. Their mother has several other children besides them to support as their father has taken another wife leaving her all these children to care for. She loves all of them and is willing to do, all in her power for them.

Mothers are often very much disappointed if the new baby happens to be a girl instead of a boy. When a son is born the father shoots a gun. If several girls have been born in a family and the new baby is a boy it is often given a girl's name to keep away the evil spirit. The mother often keeps a knife in bed to keep away this evil spirit from the little one. The first time that this happened in the hospital the new baby happened to be a girl and the mother was very much disappointed that it was not a boy. We thought perhaps the mother intended to take the baby's life until we discovered the reason for it.

The children are usually carried on the backs of their mothers, strapped in a leather skin. Their little heads have little support and often no protection from the sun. If the family are rich enough to afford a slave she usually carries the baby. This slave is often not more than ten or twelve years old judging from her size. She carries the baby while the mother rides ahead on a mule. The slave usually carries an umbrella over the baby. At the same time it is entirely covered with a shawl, that you would wonder how it can



WIVES AND CHILDREN OF GREEKS AT SAYO
TWO GREEKS AND THEIR GREEK-GALLA CHILDREN

Courtesy of the Foreign Board.

breathe. These slaves make good cradles the way they rock the babies when they cry.

The first food that a new baby receives is butter which is given to it on the end of its mother's or some one elses finger. Every day it receives a generous supply of this butter. The mother thinks that this will make her baby strong.

In the Abyssinian Christian home when the girl is eighty days old it is baptized. For a boy it is forty days. Very early in the morning the baby is

taken to the Church, where the baptism takes place. A mixture of oil and water about half a pint is poured over the childs head. Parts of the Gospels are read. During the baptism the godfather or godmother, depending on whether the baby is a boy or girl, holds the babies thumb to signify that he or she is willing to act as godparent. The godparent is supposed to give the child gifts when it is baptized and if at any time this child needs help, the godparent is supposed to give it. After the baptism the Priest dips a small piece of bread in a little wine and puts it in the childs mouth. He then ties a cotton cord around the childs neck and gives it a name. It now belongs to the Abyssinian Church. The price paid for baptism is twenty-five cents. The parents have little if any knowledge of the meaning of baptism. It is simply a matter of form.

I wish I could show you some of the babies whose mothers bring them to the hospital. Many of them have no clothes and if they do have any they are so dirty that they will almost stand alone. The mother has her dirty waya or shawl wrapped around the little body. The child is suffering from lack of food. It is slowly starving to death. When the mother is asked what kind of food she is giving the child she says that it doesn't want any food but she has been giving it corn and bread. Is it to be wondered at that its stomach rebels? She says that she does not have a cow and is so poor that she cannot afford to buy one. Both the appearance of the mother and child verify her story.

One morning a woman came to the hospital with three children. She was carrying the youngest one and a little boy about five or six years old was carrying the other child which the mother said was three years old. It was not able to walk. Its body was fairly well developed but its arms and legs were so thin. The father is a carrier during the boat season and is probably gone for several days or even weeks at a time. As the Abyssinian does not lay in food as we would say "for a rainy season" this mother probably was compelled to go without food at least part of the time, and what she could obtain was not at all suitable for these children. The oldest little boy is very enemic, but in spite of his weak condition is a very good little nurse. Is it any wonder that only the strongest of these Abyssinian children live?

The Abyssinian mothers love their children just as much as the mothers in America love theirs and they do the best for them that they know, but they have never had a chance to know better.

If a man wishes to take another wife he can send his former one away. If they have a child the mother is allowed to keep it until it is two years old and then the father can take it. This is not uncommon in this country.

Itaffera is an example of what an Abyssinian mother is willing to do when she has learned. Tadessa has his regular hours for sleeping and his mother gives him the food that she is told to. So many of the children have no beds to sleep in, and improper food.

May the time soon come when these mothers not only know how to care for their children's bodies, but can teach them and help them to live Christian lives. Will you pray for these mothers that we might be able to teach them and help them in every was possible?

OUR BOYS

By Mr. D. C. Henry

THE sentiment is sometimes expressed that the youth of today has everything "too easy". He does not in boyhood receive the hard knocks, which perhaps his father did and on which he seemed to thrive. The standards of living have undergone a great change. The old rough pioneer and semi-frontier days have passed. What influence these changing conditions may have upon the formation of character in the present generation is not my purpose to discuss.

We do know, however, that the past produced a stalwart type of manhood. Boys in those days usually learned to work at an early age. Education was not always easy to obtain. It was a prize which for many could only be had because of work and the sacrificing of other things.

In Abyssinia you can almost imagine that time had been pushed back one or two generations. Education is not an inalienable heritage of these people. But they know its worth. They want it and many are willing to leave home and set out to come to us here, where they have heard that they may learn. Many of our boys come from what they call "a far country." It is often at least several days journey.

The path for some of these as they came, lay through robber infested places. And that necessitated their waiting and joining themselves to a larger party for safety in traveling. Some of the larger boys came this way as coffee carriers from the interior to the Greek merchants. Almost all who have come have brought little or nothing with them. Some even lacked the food for the journey. Some are small, not over ten or twelve years old. So they have come from all directions, obtaining a stranger's welcome at nightfall in some house, if possible. If this was lacking they made their own little camp, which consisted of a few branches leaned against a tree trunk and overlaid with grass, to form a shelter from the wind. After having made such a shelter they have gathered a few dry branches for a camp fire and later have lain down to rest, perhaps as Jacob of old, with a stone for their pillow. Such are the difficulties which some endure in order to come. But what are difficulties to youth when the bright star of ambition leads them out. Such is the type of boys who are coming ,the adventurous, the strong. God grant that out of these ranks may arise leaders for their people, who love and sympathize with their own people but whose hearts have been made new by the love of the Master.

Even after the boys arrive here their lot is by no means easy. They get up at sunrise and wash themselves. After which they attend morning devotions, which consist of a Bible Reading, explanations and prayers. Next comes the breakfast call and when this is finished, the morning's work begins. While the sun is still low in the east they have begun their morning's task. Some hoe the corn; others get down on their knees and weed the beans and other vegetables. We are trying to train them to be independent, not beggars always asking for some gift but able to say, "We have worked and earned our daily bread."

The food is simple, varying a little with the season of the year but always mostly corn. The corn is not in our opinion as palatable as our Johnny Cake for it has no leaven. It is more like baked corn meal mush, only much coarser. They also have a bread made with leaven, which is somewhat like our

griddle cakes. At the present time our boys have such breads for two meals a day and have potatoes for the third meal. I am sure most of you would not appreciate it but they do.

The afternoon is given over to school and a little recreation, with prayers again in the evening. What a privilege it is to tell them about Jesus and how we wish you all could come and visit us at one of these times. Just after darkness falls and the air gets chilly, we light a fire in our sitting room fireplace and the boys are called. They come in and sit on the floor until the room is more than full. How interesting it is to watch them develop and grow in knowledge. At first when questioned some give some very amusing answers. Several times new boys have told us that Jesus was born in Addis Ababa.

These boys are worthy of your prayers and of your interest.

EVANGELISTIC WORK IN GOREI

By Mildred Christie Shields.

GOREI is the newest mission station in Abyssinia. Mission work here is not yet five months old, even if you count mission work beginning the day the missionaries arrive.

On March third the first permanent missionaries arrived in Gorei. The Lambie family, while at Sayo, had visited here at two different times. Dr. Gilmor had made two professional visits here from Sayo. During one of the Lambie visits mission property had been purchased. So when we arrived we had a house awaiting us and a welcome from the many people who remembered the kindness of the two doctors.

Our first religious service was held on March ninth, the first Sabbath we were here. There seemed to be no other place suitable, so this meeting was held on the downstairs veranda. At this first service we had more than eighty people. The Lambies were still with us and all their servants and carriers; also the men from Sayo who had come with us had not yet returned and were still in the compound. Since all these people attended the service we felt that we did not have many Gorei people. The next Sabbath we were very much encouraged that more than sixty people came. All the visiting men had left, so we knew these were people of the town. The following Sabbath we had one hundred and forty-three people and since then our services have all been very well attended, some days more than two hundred coming. We know that many of these people come out of curiosity. But we pray that some of them, like Zaccheus, may through their curiosity be brought to a true knowledge of the Master.

I have said that our first service was held on the veranda. Since we have no other place, all of our services have been held in the same place. We feel that this was of some advantage in the beginning. Since our house is right on the market, passersby are attracted by the music and the crowd. At one of our first services a little thing happened which emphasized the childlike minds of the people. Our whole compound is enclosed by a stone wall. Just in front of the veranda is the gate opening into the market place. On Sabbath days this gate is always open. After the meeting had begun, we noticed many people standing in the gate. Iyana, one of our house boys, was sent to ask them to come in to the service. That afternoon Iyana, who speaks a little English, related the incident to me as follows: "I ask men 'come in.' They say, 'Drink in there?' I say 'No, not drink. Pray.' They say, 'What is pray'. I say,

'Pray is talk to God.' they say, 'After talk to God drink?' I say. 'No, no drink. To drink not good. God not want anybody to drink.' They say, 'We want drink,' and they go."

There are quite a number of Europeans in Gorei, Greeks, Syrians, Armenians and Egyptians. Many of these people speak English. From the day of our first service, many of them attended. We felt that it might be better for the Abyssinians and for the Europeans to have separate services inas-much as one could be conducted entirely in the English language. To try to follow a sermon that is interpreted into two languages is quite disconcerting even for any of us. So after a few weeks we began having a service every Sabbath afternoon at four-thirty for those who understood English. At our first meeting we had eighteen besides ourselves. These eighteen included Armenians, Greeks, Syrians, Egyptians, Abyssinians, one German and one Englishman—the British Consul who is stationed here. Some of these too came, we know, out of curiosity. But might there not be a Zaccheus among them as well as among the natives? We have not had so many at any succeeding service. But we have eight or ten each day and have not missed one of these meetings.

Two of the rooms downstairs, formerly used as storerooms by the coffee merchant who lived here, were fixed up for day school. This gave us a place for Sabbath School. We opened the Sabbath School the first of May and this work has been most encouraging. There have never been less than forty and some days more than sixty in attendance. Usually there are many more adults than children. All the teaching must necessarily be in the simplest language possible. Even the simplest Bible story is so new to them that it is hard for them to grasp the meaning. But old and young alike seem very eager to learn.

Since the first month we were here, Mrs. Walker and I have been having a meeting for women every Thursday afternoon. Some days we have many women and some days only a few. But when we realize what an unusual thing it is in this land for women to be recognized at all we would have reason to rejoice if only one woman came. As yet we have attempted no teaching other than the Bible nor have we had any social meetings. All those who come, come only for the message they hear each day. As yet we have no woman who can interpret for us, or help us so we must use one of our men interpreters. We are hoping soon to have the wife of one of our interpreters ready to help us. She is so eager to learn and we realize what a great advantage it will be to have a real "Women's" meeting.

So you see the evangelistic work in Gorei is started. We hope that some of these people may receive a vision of the Great Teacher and be Christian in heart and life and not only in name as so many of them are now. Will you not pray with us that there may be a great awakening in the Abyssinian Church and these people be brought to a true knowledge of Christ. And also that we may be able to reach the great population of pagan Gallas with the Gospel of the Saviour.

MEDICAL WORK IN GOREI

By Ried F. Shields

TRULY a doctor is an opener of doors in a non-Christian land as we who are the first permanent missionaries in Gorei can testify. Gorei is the largest town in Western Abyssinia but it never had a resident doctor. The

British Consul, who has been here some twelve years, knew no more about medicine than an ordinary layman but he was not one to look unmoved at the physical suffering of the people. He also is not one to be content with doing merely official duties and writing reports and he combines road making with many other 'good works' for the country not the least of which was a little dispensary where he treated the sick. I suppose his most important equipment was a set of simple medical books upon which he was very dependent both for diagnosis and treatment, but even thus he could take care of only the simple cases which came to him. Dr. Lambie, while he was stationed at Sayo, paid two short visits to Gorei and after him Dr. Gilmor came twice. Both of these men were able to do a great deal to relieve the suffering of the people but their greatest accomplishments were to show the power of modern medicine and surgery and to create a desire on the part of the people of every class for a permanent doctor.

Their permanent doctor has not yet arrived but permanent work has begun. We were very fortunate to secure the services of a young Bavarian, Dr. Edward Nagelsbach, until Dr. Lyle Craig arrives—probably in January, 1925. Dr. Nagelsbach came with us to Gorei. Our wireless is vastly more ancient than the radio but it works well for news travels very fast in Abyssinia and we were scarcely off our mules before people began to arrive to see the doctor. We know what it is to have the maimed and halt and sick gathered importunately about our very door. Dr. Nagelsbach had very few medicines or instruments with him but these he spread out in an old storeroom on the ground and thus, on the next day after our arrival, the American Mission Hospital in Gorei was begun.

We are fortunate in having as our governor one of the wisest and most progressive men in all Abyssinia, Ras Nado. It was he who represented the country at Geneva when Abyssinia was admitted to the League of Nations. His other official visits to Europe and America have led him to desire the best for his people. Seeing our lack of room for the medical work, Ras Nado himself bought the piece of property adjoining ours at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars and gave it to us for a hospital This place is especially well located for hospital work and has on it a stone building of one room with a veranda surrounding it which is well suited for dispensary work and 'does' for a clinic. I suppose you wouldn't like to be operated on out on the side porch but the people of Gorei find that much better than having no surgical work at all. A large native house provides the ward for in-patients. It is built of mud and straw without any windows and lacks all the brightness and the whiteness which our idea of a hospital demands but it does provide a place where the sick can be cared for and some day it will give place to a building which will adequately meet the need.

From the very first they have come steadily, prince and beggar alike. One of the very first patients was a boy who belonged to the latter class. His name was Mamu—a name shared by thousands of Abyssinian boys—and there was nothing very distinguishing about his person any more than about his name. Nothing but a terribly sore foot and the gauntest frame you can imagine. Many of the professional beggars do not want to be healed of their infirmities lest their appeal to the scant mercies of the public

be lessened. But Mamu wanted to be healed. Injections did a great deal for him and careful treatment for a short time built him up sufficiently to stand an operation and the doctor amputated his big toe. In a few days he was able to walk better than he had done for years and now he goes about without his stick, although he limps a little. He works for us now—doing some errands and holding boards for the carpenter—and so is no longer dependent on the scraps of food he got from passersby. While coming to the clinic for treatment he got very much interested in the Gospel stories and became one of our most regular Sabbath School scholars. He is very eager to enter school, indeed he comes every day and I have to send him off to his work, but we feel that first he ought to learn to work and provide for himself and perhaps later we can find some way for him to work and attend school at the same time. We hope that perhaps this, the first in-patient of our hospital may someday be a helper there.

There are many others who, although they may be less picturesque than he, have responded no less to their medical treatment and their contact with the Gospel as well. The doctor was a little embarrassed one day when a grateful woman desired to pay him, not in cash (of which she had none) but with a slave. Another one, a poor woman, came a long while after her treatment to say she had been completely cured and had succeeded in earning a dollar which she wanted him to take. People of high degree, and they have been many, do not respond in quite the same way. In Abyssinia a man does not say "I am very poor and therefore cannot pay." He says "I am a man of great importance and of course do not have to pay." But we are winning the friendship and the confidence of these also and feel that the American Mission Hospital in Gorei is firmly established in the hearts of the people of every class. It will be a channel of ever increasing blessing to the country and an opener of doors for the Gospel.

EDUCATIONAL WORK IN GOREI

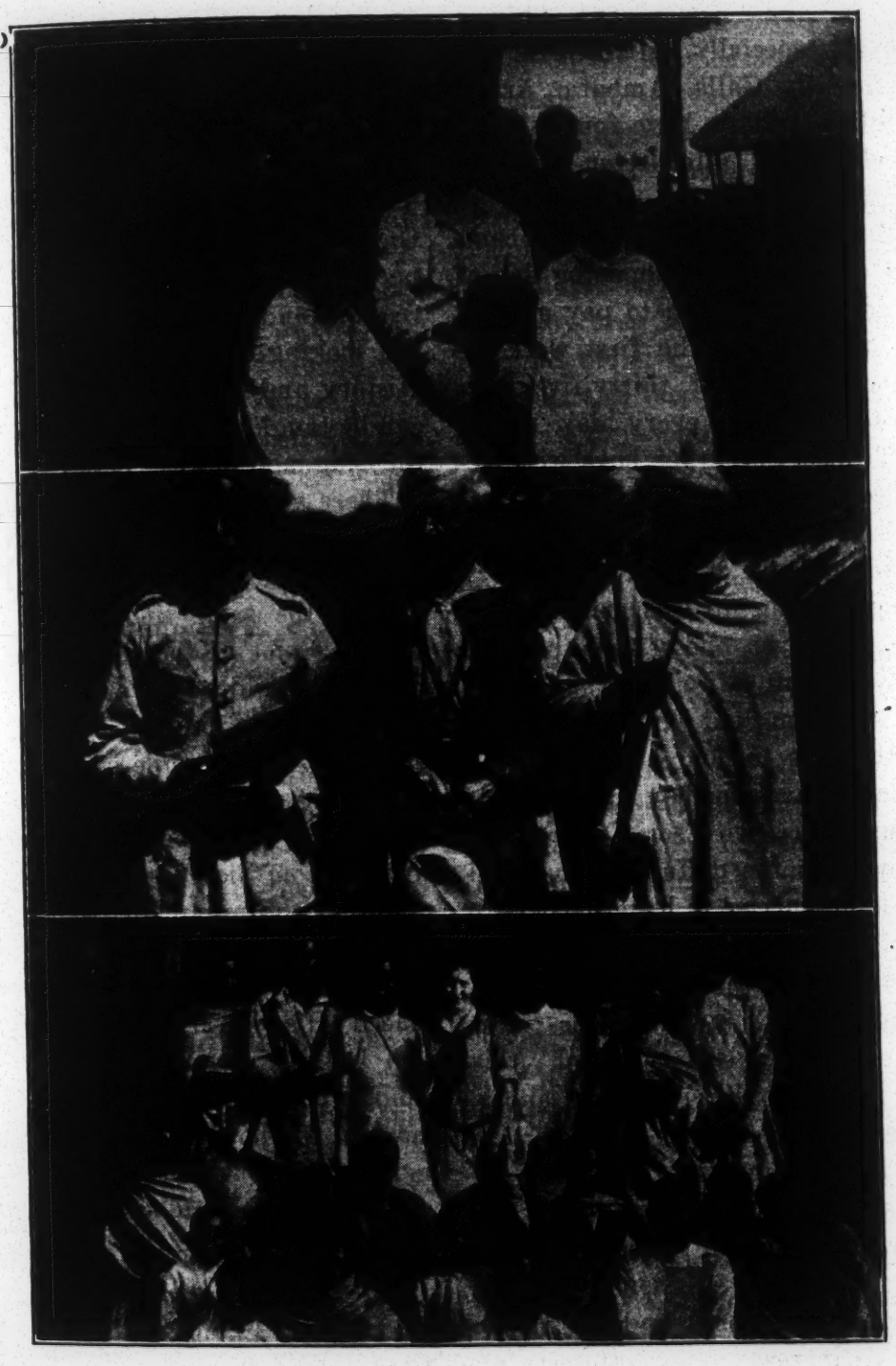
By Ruth Lobaugh Walker

THERE seems to be very little to show in the way of results along educational lines in Gorei, but when we remind you that our station is less than five months old you will understand why reports sems to be more an enumeration of plans for the future than a resume of what has been accomplished.

The first months were spent in repairing the house and in getting ready a room suitable for school, A rough stone floor was laid in one of the rooms on the ground floor, the walls mudded, several windows put in, and some desks and benches made. Boards were put in place to be used as blackboards, but since our supplies have not yet arrived we have neither paint for blackboards nor slates.

In order that the boys employed in the house and in the clinic might be able to attend school, the schedule is so arranged that the boy's school is in session from one o'clock until five-thirty, and the girl's school from eight-thirty until twelve. This arrangement is the most satisfactory for the present, as it is necessary to have separate schools and also that we use the same equipment for both.

Among those asking admission to the schools are children of Galla, Amhara, Greek, and Armenian parentage, as well as some of Egyptian-Abyssinian, Syrian-Abyssinian and Greek-Abyssinian parentage. Two of these have spent



Mr. Alexander, the Chicago negro at Sayo, with his Abyssinian wife and some boys who live with him.

The faculty of the first school at Sayo—Govri, Mrs. Ashenhurst and a priest.

Miss Isabel Blair and part of her school at Sayo, 1923.

Courtesy of the Foreign Board.

several years at the Swedish Mission School in Addis Ababa, and are well advanced in the elementary subjects. Ibrihim is especially gifted, for he speaks fluently Galla, Amhara, Arabic and English, and we have found him a great help as an interpreter for both Sabbath School and day school.

For the most part, the parents came with the children on the opening day of school, and were willing to pay a small amount of tuition. The first week we had an enrollment of thirty-five boys and five girls, and every day brings more. Two of the larger boys were accompanied by servants during the first few days of school, but when they found we did not approve of it, have been very good about giving up this mark of distinction. However, one of them, the son of a government official, brought his servant with him to Church, leaving him at the gate to hold his hat during the service. This same boy finds himself in the same class with some very small Galla boys, but the difference in social position is no barrier to his eagerness to learn.

The outlook for the growth of the educational work in Gorei is most promising. The Governor of this province Ras Nado, lives in Gorei, and is very friendly toward the Mission, expressing his willingness to aid us in all our plans for school work here. News of the Swedish Mission School in Addis Ababa and our own Mission School in Sayo has reached Gorei, and the result has been to increase the interest of parents and children here in our school. While education for the girls is not looked upon with as much disfavor as in some other Eastern countries, still we find that there is very little interest shown as yet in the girl's school. But this, we hope, will change when the Mission is a little older and when the few who have already come to us begin to develop under Christian influences.

Although two languages are spoken here, we find it possible to teach almost entirely in Amhara for with few exceptions they understand both languages. There being almost no text books in Galla and a very few in Amhara, it is necessary to teach subjects other than reading and writing in English, but we are looking forward to the time when History and Geography and Arithmetic can be taught from text books written in the language of the country.

There are many problems to be faced here with regard to providing an opportunity for children to attend school and at the same time earn their own living. Some of the parents are willing for their children to attend school but are unable to buy their clothing and pay their board, while other parents expect their children to contribute to the support of the family at home. Those upon whom lies the responsibility of planning and organizing the educational work in Gorei ask for your prayers in this great work. Certainly God has placed His workers in a wonderfully rich Field, but realizing how much depends upon the interest and prayers of those in the homeland we ask you to remember us before the One who alone can give wisdom and strength.

A FEW OF OUR PATIENTS

By Hazel Ewing

PATIENTS in Abyssinia have a great many of the same characteristics as in the States. They think they are the only patients we have and that we have time to talk, the greater part of the day. Some come and receive treatment, and we think they will go, but they stay on and in a few minutes will ask

us to look at their eyes; this we do, and then again we have the same thought, but they come back telling us that their ears have been giving them a lot of trouble. So we examine the ears. Then they begin bringing in their servants one at a time until the first thing you are aware of the greater part of the morning is gone and probably some very sick patients have been waiting a long time. We have had as many as sixty in a morning, so we do not have much time to spend with any one individual.

All classes of Abyssinians come to the dispensary. Those of the higher class will come with as many as thirty or forty servants, all carrying guns, but they never bring more than one servant into the dispensary unless it is the first time they have been there. The first time they come they bring as many as we will allow. The poor come in their dirt and rags and receive treatment just the same as the higher class. The poorer they are, the more butter they have on their heads and even some of their clothes are dipped in butter.

One poor man has no money and is not able to work. He comes every day for treatment and if he has to wait he is very willing to do anything he can for us. It is very interesting to watch him telling other natives to keep their mules away from the porch. After he receives his dressing he always gets down and kisses our feet, showing how much he appreciates it. It is a custom of these people to kiss the feet of their masters or of onyone who does them a kindness.

The Abyssinian people are very lovable and their love for children is very great among the poor as well as the rich. When a child is brought into the dispensary all the older people forget their own pain to talk to the child. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

A patient is often brought in on a bed, or on the shoulders of natives. The European doctors here will not treat the poor Abyssinians, so at the Mission we get a great many very interesting cases. The other morning a man was brought in who had been speared through the abdomen. It was too late to do anything for him so we told them he could not live longer than until the next day, and they took him home again. In a few days one of his friends came back and told us that he had died a few hours after he reached his home, and seemed to think it quite wonderful that we had known he would die so soon. This man brought three of his friends with him for treatment. The other evening we received word that they were bringing to the dispensary, a girl who had been shot. While we were waiting, a message came that she had died, and that as it was late in the afternoon they buried her within two hours from the time she was shot. It is a custom or law that they must bury the dead the day they die.

The Abyssinian woman is very observing. When she comes to the dispensary nothing escapes her attention. On her second visit she will ask questions about how she can improve her appearance. I have in mind a woman whose clothing was very dirty the first time that she came. She looked at my white uniform one day and asked, "How do you keep your clothes so white." I told her and that woman went home, washed her dress and came back and compared it with mine; and today there is no cleaner woman any place to be seen.

An Abyssinian woman married to a Greek man, lived quite a distance from

our Mission. She became very ill and her husband came out to the Mission for a doctor. She was so far away that we were unable to give her the proper care and the hospital was not ready to receive her. The husband rented a house near the Mission and we were able to visit her every day. Although she was very ill, she never failed to thank me many, many times for coming to see her. She was very timid, but when alone we would have prayers together and she always asked me to pray for her at home. I am glad to say she has recovered now.

On July 10th Dr. Lambie and I went to see some patients that were very very ill. There were six in bed with typhus in one family, and conditions such that it seemed to us that their chances for recovery were very small. We also went to see some other patients the same day. After we left them we wondered what our duty was and we talked things over. The hospital was not finished. We had no beds, linen or equipment of any kind with which to work. The floor was laid in one of the wards and we hastely had doors and windows put in. We decided we would go in and try to buy some cots and bring them out. Then what would we do for mattresses, linen, etc? At three o'clock we started to town, bought cots, a cheap grade of unbleached muslin for sheets, gowns and towels. We were fortunate in getting a man to come out and make mattresses and other to sew. By noon, July 11th, we had beds, mattresses, sheets. gowns and five patients put snug in their clean beds, after having a bath—or rather a scrubbing.

It was much more difficult to start work here than at home for we did not have any trained help except one woman who had helped in the dispensary, but she knew nothing about caring for hospital patients. We gathered up natives to meet the need, but they knew nothing whatever about hospital work. So I began to teach some to care for the sick, one to cook, one to wash clothes, and many other things that were new to them.

At home all one needs to do is to tell help what you want done and then one is free to go on with something else, but here one must stay right with them, showing them many times how a thing is to be done before they can do it right. At first the patients could not realize why they should be washed in the morning and again in the evening, and the Abyssinians objected strenuously to such strange proceedings, but they have learned now that part of their treatment is being kept clean. We have fifteen bed patients now and if the hospital were finished we would have many more, as we turn them away every day. Since July 11th the floors have been laid throughout the building, lathing and plastering almost finished, windows put in and the doors hung.

We have had Greek, Indian and Abyssinian for patients and are very thankful to Our Heavenly Father that we have been able to send nearly all of them home in improved condition.

These have been very busy days, but we have been paid for all our hard work many, many times.

HANDLING ABYSSINIAN WORKMEN

By Phil R. West

FOR a moment let us picture a group of two hundred and fifty American workmen starting the days work on a large construction job. At seven thirty A. M. the whistle on the crane hoist signals the zero hour, and all fall to with a vim. The air hammers immediately begin their monotous burr and in a few minutes the carpenters hammers join

in the chorus and then can be heard the crunching, grinding, puffing of the giant steam shovel. At noon the whistle gives a welcomed sound and then silence reigns supreme except for the chatter of the workmen's voices as they come up out of the excavation and down from the scaffoldings. One and six o'clock are a repetition of the morning except the workmen file past a clerk who records their days work.

Now turn for a minute to the hospital we are building in Addis Ababa, Abyssinia.

At seven thirty A. M. European time or one thirty Abyssinian time the workmen assemble for prayers. After a reading of scripture and the explanation of it and a short prayer the "Gata" or master blows the whistle. The men are then checked in and as they have no idea of system they make a mad rush for the Gata each striving to be first. After many nerve racking attempts to organize them it is given up as hopeless. For the Gata has a very limited knowledge of their language so he checks them in as fast as possible allowing them to make more or less a free for all of it. The checking of the two hundred and fifty men requires about ten minutes and then comes the problem of getting them at work.

Each having had their work assigned to them the day before or perhaps for the past month they do not seem to know what to do for they stand about in groups as if in a stupor or with no desire to work. So the Gata's time for the next hour and a half is taken in getting things in running order. With the limited knowledge of the language it is a heavy drain on the Gatas good nature starting work in the morning. The noon hour is very much the same as in America even to the extent of keeping the men from slipping away at a quarter to twelve. Five P. M. is again a mad rush to put away the tools and be checked out.

Now turn to the conditions under which we work.

In the States the foreman has knowledge of the language or he has an assistant foreman who can handle his men for him. His equipment is the most efficient possible. If any material is wanted a telephone call and a Ford truck soon has it on the job. Now imagine yourself dropped down in Abyssinia that has an altitude of eight thousand feet. You with your years of building experience are totally handicapped with the language and the altitude prevents you from the active industrial life of America. All orders must go through an interpreter. In some cases four languages must be spoken before your order reaches the one concerned. This often leads to confusion of the idea and is very trying for the nerves. Gradually you learn the names of the most used tools and the names of the most essential operations so that you can begin to dispense with the interpreter and this is a great help.

Among the workmen there are a few that are considered as skilled. They consist of carpenters, and masons who rate with a poor grade second year apprentice. For our most highly skilled workmen we must look to the Indian carpenters and the Arab masons. These at the best must be watched constantly or they will lay down on the job and turn out very poor work. It is this constant overseeing that makes the work so difficult.

After a month or two you are able to pick out a man that can act as assistant foreman and this relieves you of many of the minor details. However this man

must be constantly watched or things will slip by.

When the excavation of the hospital was started we were at sea as to the means to use in moving some five thousand cubic yards of earth. Our only hope seemed to be to buy fifty German army picks and shovels and use small baskets to carry the dirt away on the heads of men. This looked hopeless. One day Dr. Lambie mentioned to His Highness Ras Taffari that if we could only get some wheelbarrows it would speed up the work. The Ras immediately offered us the use of thirty wheelbarrows that he had stored away in one of his magazines. They were gladly accepted and it was a joyous sight to see those thirty Irish buggies coming up the road. Some had broken down on the way out from town and were being carried on the shoulders of men, for the white ants had gotten in their work while they were in storage. This did not worry us for we put Indian carpenters at work repairing and rebuilding them and they were soon ready for service. Shortly after this we were able to buy two, two wheeled wagons or garries as the natives call them, each pulled by one horse. The horsese were guaranteed to pull. We soon found out that the guarantee had many loop holes in it. One of the horses was fairly good and the other had to be reharnessed from six to eight times a day. He had a habit of kicking over backwards everytime the barie was loaded a bit to heavy for his liking. After a week of much whipping and the use of a very cruel Abyssinian bit we were able to bring him to our idea of when and what we wanted pulled. Now that we had the means of moving the dirt we could not keep the thirty two garries busy. Our only hope was for a steamshovel. As it requires a month and a half for a letter to go from here to America it was out of the question to have the board send out such a useful thing. Then the means of getting it up from the coast would be a problem as I feel sure the little French Railroad could not carry it and surely the camels could not. Our ingenuity was taxed. In a day or two our steamshovel put in its appearence in the form of two native plows pulled by four oxen. Though they only plowed three inches deep they were able in a half a day to greak enough ground to keep the garries going all day. This was a great saving only costing a dollar a day and it did away with fifty picks at twelve dollars a day. As our excavating was done during the rainy season we were troubled with many caveins for the ground was staurated to the depth of twelve feet and all of the trenches had to be timbered. This made the work very dangerous even to men used to working under these conditions. Remember some of the natives had never had a shovel in their hanads till they started work for the mission.

We were in need of a derrick. Could we telephone to town for it and have it sent out on a truck? No we could not. We had to design the fittings then have a blacksmith make them in a more or less crude fashion. Then with the use of dry eucalyptus trees for mast and boom we rigged our derrick. We needed ropes and had to braid three strands of native rope and then we did not know the strength of materials. We loaded the derrick and watched with fear and trembling. It worked fairly well until one day a guy rope gave way and then it was decided it was to risky so it was abandoned.

Working under these conditions brings to pass many funny incidents and many near tragedies. While digging the

foundation for Dr. Lambies house the Ras decided to come out and inspect the work. When he arrived I blew the whistle and had the workmen line up to receive him. While he was looking over the grounds one of the foundation trenches eight feet deep caved in. When I saw it I nearly fainted to think, what if some of the men failed to obey my whistle and had staid in the trench rather than come out. As soon as the Ras left I made a check of the men to make sure all were safe and found all present and accounted for.

We were pulling a large girder up into place on the second story of Dr. Lambie's house and one of the natives leaned over to far and was well on his way to the Happy Hunting Grounds when one of the Arab masons grabbed the leg of his trousers and so saved him a hard fall. He was fortunate that his clothes were not too old to stand the strain.

One of the foundation trenches caved in and burried one of the men up to his hips. Before I could reach him his comrades had lifted him bodily out of the earth and nearly disjointed him in the act.

The afternoon was very hot and the steady squeek of the wheel barrows was rather trying on the nerves as they *slowly* worked their way to the edge of the compound and dumped their load. The whistle blew and there was a mad rush of the workmen to dump their last load and be first to be checked out. One man ran with his load and was singing, "The Gata has blown the whistle the Gata has blown the whistle. As he sang this last word he tried to check his speed but it was too late and over he went down into a ten foot fill with the wheelbarrow after him. He was a sight when he got up and faced his comrades. He had taken a very nice header and had made a wonderful collection of mud on that part of his anatomy sometimes refered to as his map.

One more case. A man carrying sheeting on the roof of the hospital. He fell between the rafters and to the second floor where he caught himself just as he was about to continue his fall to the first floor and basement. Except for a few skinned spots he was O. K.

Can't you see how in all these and many other cases the Lord has overshadowed this work. No one has lost over a days work due to accident and no one has been seriously hurt. Where in America is building carried on that some one is not killed or seriously injured. Here the men are not used to building above one story and do not understand the erection of scaffolding and the care necessary to prevent accidents.

It has all been possible because God has approved and overshadowed the work.

We pray that this building may glorify and advance the work of our Master in Abyssinia.

HOW WE BUILT THE HOSPITAL AT ADDIS ABABA

By William H. Douglas

I CAN not tell a complete story about how the hospital was built here at Addis Ababa because Mr. West and Dr. Lambie had the work well started when I arrived. They had started the excavation the first part of October and it was the first day of January when a party of five of us arrived, Dr. Anderson, Dr. Cleland, Miss Ewing, Mrs. Douglas and myself. At that time we had about twenty-five masons working and about one hundred native laborers. All of the masons were Arabs

1. The entrance gate to the George Memorial Hospital.
2. Beginning of work on George Memorial Hospital.
3. The West's Bungalow, Addis Ababa, Abyssinia.

with the exception of two Italians and one Greek.

Our common stone was brought from places nearby where the ledges of stone were protruding from the hills. One man was even bringing it from his stone fence. All our face stone was quarried at Ras Tafari's quarry about three miles from the building site. All of the stone was brought on donkeys. The common stone was measured and paid for by the cubic meter but the face stone was bought by the piece.

At first we were getting all of our water for building from a mountain stream two miles away through a ditch dug to tap it. Every day or so some native along the ditch would direct the water over his garden or to water his stock. Then we would have to go up and start the water again in our direction. About the last of January the stream gave out altogether leaving us with no water for the building. We thought about building a couple of tank carts and hauling water from a stream about a mile away. No water! No work! Nothing could be done. Two days later the well we had been digging was finished. We started drawing water from it immediately. The work continued. We used three thousand gallons a day including water for the houses.

The combination sawing and planing machine sent out proved indispensible to us. There are only two saw mills in the country and their prices are out of sight. We bought most of our lumber rough hewn, and sawed and planed it here on our machine. The longest length in lumber we could get was four meters because the men or mules that carried the lumber in from the forest could not carry any longer pieces. Needing some pieces longer we made arrangement with the Seventh Day Adventist missionaries at Addis Alem to oversee cutting six meter lengths. They sent them in first by camels but after the first two trips the camel drivers refused to bring any more because the timbers extended past the camel's head and hit it as he walked along. The remainder of these pieces had to be brought in by ox-cart. It took the ox-cart three and four days to make the trip of thirty-five miles from Addis Alem.

Our flooring boards though were sawed and planed in the mill at Addis Alem. They were brought in, in ox-carts until the rainy season set in then they were brought in on donkeys. Each donkey carried from four to six pieces about ten feet long.

January 16th we started putting on the first floor joist. To save labor we just planed the top side for the flooring. About five weeks later we started putting on the second floor joist. These we had to plane on both edges for the ceiling of the first floor and the flooring of the second floor. All of our exterior walls were of stone. The front wall and both end walls we used cut stone for the face and backed them up with common black stone. On the rear of the building we used all common stone. After the stone work had been completed we dug the lime out of the joints and pointed them with cement. The main corridor walls were also built with stone but the remaining partition walls we built of brick. As soon as the walls were up to the second floor level we finished the ramp so that the men could carry easily things up without climbing a ladder.

On January 28th we started to put in the first floor windows. All of the windows were made by contract but we made the doors and door frames here on the job. We put the first timbers on the roof April 20th and started laying

THE GEORGE MEMORIAL BUILDING OF THE TAFARI MAKONEN

Hospital at Addis Ababa, Abyssinia. North view. The three arched windows are in three operating rooms. The one downstairs is the emergency operating room.

the shingles May 17th and finished them June 6th. Our first metal lath was put on on July 8th and the plastering started a week later. The same men plaster who did the masonry work. They use the same kind of trowels as they do for stone work so are not very efficient at the job.

I had quite a time when I first came learning to let them carry things and run errands for me. Also I learned to conserve my energy by sending notes instead of running and seeing the person myself. I soon found out I could not run around as much as I did on work at home. This tropical sun is rather tiring on a man especially a newcomer from the States.

We had an interpreter on the job all of the time so we could tell the workmen what we wanted them to do. Besides the interpreter there were four workmen who spoke English, so I did not have much trouble that way. I soon learned a few words of the native language such as up, down, yes, no, take, bring, hurry and the names for materials such as wood, stone, rope, door, window, ladder, nails hammer, saw, plane, water and and some others. I could easily express my wishes unless I wanted to explain something in detail.

All of our carpenters are Indians with the exception of two Greeks and one Armenian. They do not have a chest full of tools like our carpenters do in America but their work is fairly good after all. Their main tool is a hammer or hatchet resembling an adz. As they swing it I am afraid they are going to cut someones arm off or injure each other, but they never have yet. The other tools are a couple of planes, a couple of saws and an Indian brace and bit, which has been in use for a thousand or more years I believe.

All of our lime was brought on mules from Modjo about two days trek from here. The men who drove the pack mules would always eat their dinner under a sheet all squatted around a general dish. They did not want anyone to see them eating because they were in a strange country.

One day a group of workmen were standing around discussing the use of the metal lath just arrived. They came to the conclusion that it was the springs for the hospital beds. Also they thought the electric cable would make good rope with which to draw water from the well.

The conveyances around this building are somewhat similar to those around a building in construction at home. The only difference is at home they are automobiles and here they are horses or mules. All of the Europeans and most of the Arabs and Indians have animals to ride. A boy comes running behind them in the morning and takes the horse home then brings it back in the evening for the workman. Sometimes the ward in front of the building has been almost full of horses and mules waiting for quitting time.

I think after we have finished this hospital we will have a few pretty good building laborers in Addis Ababa. At least they will know how to run a wheelbarrow straight or carry a piece of lumber. By the time you read this we expect to have the hospital finished but at the writing of this, the last of August we have all of the first coat of plastering on and about half of the second coat.

EDUCATIONAL ADDIS ABABA

By Florence Davison

NOT long ago a man sat on the verandah of one of the American Mission homes at tea time and said. "I have been in Addis Ababa for twenty-five years and I haven't seen an atom of improvement yet. In fact I think it is growing worse." We didn't answer him as we should have liked to that we would be ashamed to say we had lived for twenty-five years in a place and had done nothing to improve it or help the people. The American Mission has been established in Addis Ababa a little more than a year and already there are traces of its influence throughout the city. There is a section of the surburb Gulali which shows what American push can accomplish in a few months; there are people well and happy, cured of diseases for which all their charms and "doctors" failed to do anything; there are American tea cakes on the table of His Highness, Ras Tafari, which show the hand of one of our Mission wives (a little thing, but to proof that we are reaching the small and intimate things in life.)

Today a missionary stood on a little knoll overlooking a plot of ground which is to be one of the spots of influence in the city of Addis Ababa. It was the place which has been selected for the Wuzero Manen School for Girls, the first Girls' School not only in Addis Ababa, but in all Abyssinia. It is a beautiful spot, with smooth green grass and thickly wooded with swaying eucalyptus trees, through which can be caught glimpses of the mountains surrounding the city. It is a spot to gladden the heart of a missionary in more than one way, and the missionary as she stood there was using her imagination. She did not see the grass, nor the trees, nor even the mountains—she saw what was to be. Instead of one native hut, black with smoke and shaky with age, there were neat, clean cottages scattered over the green lawn and a central building, the "Tumari", the light house, so to speak, which brightens the dark lives of the Abyssinian girls, and for which the people have been so eager. Instead of one or two dirty looking girls passing along, unkept and unhappy, weighed down with water pots far too heavy for them, or gathering sticks and leaves for the family fire, there were groups of girls beautifully clean in their white native garb, with happy faces and gay voices. And some of them looked at the missionary as we look at one whom we love and to whom we owe much. It was the look which rejoices a missionary heart and repays her for all sacrifice, all hardship, all loneliness; it was the look given to one who has opened the door to a new life here and hope of life eternal. Every missionary knows the look, and the happiness it brings.

Instead of just trees and grass, and grass and trees, there were gay beds of color showing the girls how an ugly yard, a bare house may be beautified by nature herself and how much joy the love of flowers may bring into the lives of Abyssinian women many of whom are seldom permitted out of their own compound and are so veiled that they cannot enjoy the fresh air as we do. And the missionary saw still further, beyond the wall of the Wuzero Manen school. Throughout the city there were "leavening" girls carrying the news of a broader happier life to the many who had never seen the Wuzero Manen school. In the homes of the wealthy there were girls lithe and graceful instead of girls so fleshy that movement is difficult; there were girls who could tell of new interests in books and in homekeeping—

a Godsend to those accustomed to an inane existence within four walls and nothing there but eating and sleeping. There were girls to tell of the freedom of women of other lands. And among the poor surrounded by homes of filth and squalor and quarreling there were girls, clean and kind of voice, to show to others that a tidy home isn't dependent upon money, and that we can live much more happily without quarreling. And in both classes there were girls eager to tell others of the good news of Jesus Christ; what He had done for them and what He could do in their lives.

But the missionary saw still further. In the palace across the city sat a woman, farseeing and of progressive ideas, full of faith in the new and better Abyssinia. She it was for whom the school was named, and whose eagerness to educate the girls of Abyssinia had started the idea of a school in the mind of missionaries here. And this Princess of Ethiopia graciously smiled her thanks to the American Mission for what they had done in helping the women of her country.

All this the missionary saw as she stood gazing at the eucalyptus grove. A dream? Perhaps; but a dream founded upon the need and the desire of these people and upon the power of Christ in the lives of men. And with your help and the blessing of God the dream will come true; there will be a Wuzero Manen school for girls—perhaps not not just as the missionary planned—at any rate, as a Higher Power is planning and that is the school we want.

Meantime the missionary does not fold her hands and idly wait. There are many things to do; chief among which is language . Everytime one tries to talk with a native and despairs of getting his idea across, the inspiration increases to "get" that tongue. And daily and increased inspiration is necessary for the acquisition of Amharic. There are 230 characters of fantastic shape and peculiar sound; there are idioms and habit quite foreign to an occidental mint; there are discouragements. For example, one practises religiously on a word or phrase until it is surely perfect; goes outside and affecting nonchalance, remarks to a native thus and so, using the newly acquired word or words—and the native replies that he doesn't understand English. A few blows of that sort only serve to whet the appetite for Amharic and renew determination.

One thing which has to be done and which is not unmixed joy is the translation of Psalms and school songs into Amharic. With the aid of an interpreter it is not difficult to transfer the thought, but to make the words fit the music is another matter. Amharic words and English tunes don't fit together naturally. To an Abyssinian it doesn't matter; he can chant any number of syllables on one note, changing the time a little of course but that is all right. The Abyssinian tune is a rather weird minor chant and to it they sing any words which come to them, and so the interpreter cannot understand why the missionary rejects some phrases as too long, and others as too short, asking always, "Isn't there any other way we can say it?" We have six Psalms ready to be put into the new book which the Swedish Mission is preparing, and one almost finished which we are hoping the children's class will be able to sing before the Sabbath School in a short time. The composing of these songs affords much amusement to the other missionaries who listen in the other room instead of trying to make a contribution of their

own. However the eagerness with which the interpreter tries to sing "He Leadeth Me," which he calls "our best" is reward enough for all the work and vexation, as it sometimes is.

Another thing the missionary finds to do is teaching those who are too eager to wait until there is a building and equipment. They are so eager to learn that they do not mind if school is kept in a corner of a verandah, as has been done, or in the unfinished room in the basement of the hospital, as is being done, on a mud floor, uneven and covered with bits of plaster and small stones, amid deafening noises from the carpentering above and occassional showers as well.

There are seven of these girls on the compound and they are a real beginning. Many schools which have grown to be centers of great influence, have had smaller beginnings. Besides, there are others waiting who are even impatient at times. One little girl and her mother came last week to ask when there would be a school. Two of our boys at Sayo have written that they have sisters near Addis Ababa, and they want to send them as soon as there is opportunity. An Abyssinian official says he has five daughters ready to come: one of our interpreters tells of his two sisters who already can read and who, he thinks, will be able to help us teach. Just a few days ago, news came of a Four Hundred Dollar gift from a Mission Friend, who is willing that it should be used for the Girls' School. This will build a three room cottage which can be used for school rooms at first and afterward as a cottage dormitory. We are busy planning just what is best to do first and after the rains we hope at least the one cottage will be started. The Wazero Manen School will be then more than a dream.

We should like to have the opportunity twenty-five years hence of talking with the aforementioned gentleman of the pessimisic ideas, and to walk or drive with him through the city of Addis Ababa. He would be surprised then as he is now at our "wild faith". But then, he does not know the power of the American Mission, with behind it the prayers of the Church and the resources of an Almighty Father.

A DAY IN THE OFFICE AT ADDIS ABABA

By Miss Florence D. White

NOW the day is over and we are sitting out on the porch of the nice mission residence, watching the wonderful sunset; another thing that makes life worth while in Abyssinia. As we are talking over some of the incidents of the day, I wonder if some of them might be interesting to you.

After prayers this morning we began our day in the office as well as in the clinic, on the building, etc. I gather some fresh flowers from our garden and arrange the correspondence and Dr. Lambie is ready to give dictation. We are just well into the correspondence when a loud rap on the door is heard. "Come in," "Good morning sir," a high pitched voice begins, and Haptewald the interpreter is on the scene. "Excuse me, please sir, but there is one big Abyssinian man here to see you; A Dejaz match from Tigri, who wants some medicine." "All right," and Dr. Lambie hastens out to see several dozen men standing in the yard holding guns, while sitting on a chair on the porch is the Dejaz match himself, with two or three servants standing near him. Mrs. Lambie, busy making delicacies for the afternoon tea, sends in coffee as this

patient will expect to be invited in and entertained to some extent before receiving medical attention.

This seems to be the time to do some work on accounts. Soon another knock on the door. It is a native, dressed in dirty white clothes, with an old blanket drapped around him, bearing a small piece of paper with the words, "Please pay the bearer, $75.25 for lumber. Signed, P. R. West." I give him the amount. He examines each piece and at last hands back the quarter. "That is no good," he complains. "Why not?" "Because the tail of the lion is turned the wrong way." I exchange it for another and he grins appreciatively, murmuring "Lik-no" (it is exact) and walks away. In a few minutes five or sixe others come with similar papers. A lot of lumber is coming this morning for the hospital building. To these I try to give five and ten dollar bills but they refuse to take them at all. "That's not money; it is only a piece of paper. We want dollars." They come from far back in the interior and know nothing but silver money. They are given the silver dollars of course and bowing their thanks they depart in contentment.

Now I wonder who could be calling on the telephone, for it is ringing like a fire alarm. Indeed, we do have telephones even in Abyssinia, but I must say it is a little different from talking over the telephone at home. Occassionally some one calls who speaks English, but more often it is some one who speaks only Amharic, or Arabic, and the interpreter must take care of it. When the interpreter puts in a call he doesn't give a number as we do at home and get the party, but he begins, "Aloo—Aloo. How are you? How are all your family? I, by the Grace of God, am in good health. This is Dr. Lambie's house at Gulali. Oh yes, he has a telephone; just put in in a short while ago, etc., etc." The conversation goes on for five minutes before the operator finally gives him the connection. You can imagine the patience one surely must cultivate with such a slow easy-going people, especially if one is in a hurry to get some information.

Dr. Lambie has returned and the dictation finished. Another visitor. This time a poor Greek who is half blind, wanting a check for some lime he has delivered for the hospital building. Not much doing now except the clicking of the typewriter keys. How the time is flying! What is all the shouting from the street. Nearer it comes, "Ya-ho-ho-ho, Ya-ho-ho-ho". They are coming up our driveway, forty or fifty Garaugie carriers running with huge boxes on their shoulders. Oh, it is that building material that we have been expecting from America. This is the popular method of handling freight here. In a few minutes they are followed by a caravan of camels with expanded metal lath, for the building partitions, strapped on them. The heavy boxes delivered, the carriers crowd around the office door for their money. Each one wears a sheepskin over his shoulders, while their clothing is practically rags. They are very strong and one often sees a single man running down the street carrying on his head a large trunk as easily as one of us would wear a hat. The receipt is signed for the boxes, and the money given to them and they are away feeling as happy as kings.

Once more busy at the desk when I hear a tapping on the window, and look up to see a large swarthy Arab, with bright colored turban, peering in. It is our friend Abdel Malek, who has been delivering stones for the building. Noth-

ing new about his call, only a request for another check. He speaks no English, but his actions speak louder than words when he wants money.

Excitement over once again, and a chance to do a little work. A timid knock and a very dark little man enters Elias Butros, the Egyptian who is making windows for the hospital. His front teeth are missing which makes it a bit difficult for him to speak clearly. "I want to see about my account." he says in a meek way. From his attitude one would think him a saint, had it not been proved to us that he is one to be watched. He also wants a check, and stops to discuss the price of his windows saying he is not satisfied with the price we are paying. "But Mr. Butros," I explain, "you must see Dr. Lambie about it. This money is not mine, you know, and I must be very careful how I write the checks. I cannot give you any amount you ask." "Oh yes. I know," he hastens to assure me, "I've got a conscience," placing his hand over his heart piously, "I wouldn't take advantage of you. Oh, no. Not at all. That's all right, only" in a lower tone, "can't you give me a check for five hundred?" He has that much due him and I send him on his way rejoicing.

The last and most important thing is to see how much money we have left from the day's expenditure. How the other folks do envy me the joy of counting the cash. Nice round silver dollars, that mean so much to the Abyssinians; every one of which has been exchanged back and forth in the market for a sheep, a bright handwoven basket, hand-made bamboo table, or other bits of native work. Each dollar bears on one side the image of Menelik, the former Emperor, or of Maria Theresa (dollars introduced by the Austrians many years ago) and on the other side that of a large lion with his long tail curved over his back. And so the days go by, not much like the office at home, not very monotonous you must admit, but how very interesting.

FIELDS THAT BECKON

By T. A. Lambie.

THE most interesting part of Abyssinia is probably located in the North Central Western portion in province of Gondar . It shares interest to the Geographer or Antiquarian with ancient Axum the site of the famous Greco Abyssinian ruins of a very early date. Gondar is perhaps more noteworthy for in it is Lake Tsana and the sources of the Blue Nile. If it be true that the White Nile is the longer, and the real Nile source, it is also true that what makes the Nile valuable to Egypt is the Blue Nile with its enormous flood of yellow slit carrying water to enrich still further Egypt's fertile fields.

Gondar is old. How old, we do not know. The early discoverers of Abyssinia found the Emperor and Court established at Gondar. Old castles built by Portugese workmen of the middle ages are still in a fair condition of preservation. The Court indeed has moved to Addis Ababa, but old Churches and monasteries of Tsana sacred lake still bear mute witness of the Abyssinia that was. A large population left in Gondar by Menelik when he moved to the Entoto Hills above Addis Ababa, still preserve the ancient tradition, making a sort of large island of old Abyssinia in this great district much as in the mountains of our South, are sturdy Americans who are still living as their fathers did in the long ago. The Ex-mayor of Gondar, Kantiba Gabroo, has repeatedly requested the American Mission to go to Gondar his home, to establish mission

work there assuring us of a warm reception. It has this advantage too; it is not far from Roseires and other parts of the Sudan and would link up our work with Khartoum and Wad Medani.

Gojjam is another fertile province awaiting us. Ras Heilo the genial and extremely wealthy governor of this province went to Europe with Ras Tafari. While in Addis Ababa, he was most cordial with the missionaries; came frequently to the mission, sent his servants for medical assistance when they required it, and showed the most friendly feelings possible. He seems to be the wealthiest man in Abyssinia. "I am a little troubled for money," he told me one day, "I only brought half a million dollars with me from Gojjam for this trip and I fear it is not enough." This seems to be another beckoning land.

Jiren, capital of Jimma province in the South, the one stronghold of Islam in Abyssinia in the midst of a fertile agricultural country, our missionaries visited this year. A city set on a hill cannot be hid, and it's stone battlements and guarded gateway make an impressive sight enclosing a great number of stone houses with red tile roofs, quite an impressive sight to come upon in Central Abyssinia. Its portly ruler, Sultan Abagifar, with his hundred sons and I don't know how many wives, reminds one of the Vizir of Baghdad or of some tale of Scheherazade. To see the dirty illiterate Mohammedans there with no knowledge of Jesus Christ, many of them bowing down to an old bone that some one dug up and affirmed it to belong to Noor Hussain, a reputed saint, is very sad. We could, we believe get an entrance there had we the men.

Gidami was formerly the great place in Western Abyssinia, where the tyrant Jotee rivaled a Mediaeval Czar in power and arrogance. Many a hapless Nuer and Anyak did his mercenaries enslave. Now he is dead. Two of his sons are powerful, though not as their father. They are friends of our Mission and have repeatedly asked onr Mission at Sayo to start work at Gidami. They will give land and assist in many ways.

A letter from Hon. C. H. Walker, the British Consul at Gorei, tells us that he is building a road toward Majji, in the South which would mean opening up Kaffa and those rich forest clad almost undiscovered lands where helpless natives by the hundreds of thousands have been enslaved by rapacious slave raiders to find ready sale either in Abyssinia or across in Arabia, Mesopotamia or Somaliland. Mr. Walker says, "Your Mission should plan to go there as soon as possible.

We do not wish to weary you, dear reader, with too many appeals or too much speaking, so will let these suffice, to represent all those other fields and all those other sheep which would seem to have no shepherd unless we can rise to the occasion.

"Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold them also must I bring, that there may be one shepherd and one sheep fold."

SIMBO

By Mildred Christie Shields

If you lived in Abyssinia, you would have a name that has some special meaning. We are often asked, "What does your name mean?" and when we say it means nothing at all the people simply cannot understand why we should have such insignificant names. When we first came to Abyssinia, Mr. Shields was quite a novelty because his name meant something, or at least the natives thought it did. One of the schoolboys

was able to translate both 'Ried' and 'Shields' in Amhara and we soon found that we were known as Mr. and Mrs. (or Gufa and Gifti) Gasha—gasha being the Amhara word for shield.

Not all Abyssinian names have a good meaning, but one of our patients in the hospital is more fortunate than some others. Her name is Simbo which means "a pleasant face." And she really has a most pleasant face.

A short time after the clinic was opened in Gorei, Simbo was brought to the doctor. When I say brought, I mean just that. Simbo could not come by herself and so was carried by her father from her home about four hours distant from the city. (Distance in this land is measured by hours rather than miles). Simbo is a little Galla girl just four years old. When she was three weeks old she fell into the fire and was terribly burned on her right leg from the hip to the heel, although her face and the rest of the body were not seriously hurt. Like so many poor babies in this land she had no care nor attention. She probably was taken to a witch doctor and then her burns allowed to heal as they might with the result that the child has never walked. While the burns were healing, the little leg was allowed to remain bent back and in consequence the lower leg grew to the upper leg almost the entire length from the knee to the hip. More than this, the little foot was turned up and had grown to the ankle and there was no sign of the toes or the front part of the foot.

The news of the "Hakin" at Gorei spread far and fast and the father dared hope that he could make little Simbo walk. Upon examination the doctor decided that with several operations she might be able to walk on the stump or heel. He knew it would never be possible to do anything for the foot but he would be able to cut the lower leg loose from the upper leg. So Simbo was put into the "ward", which is a small native tukl back of the hospital.

Simbo seemed quite happy and did not cry even when later in the day her father said goodbye and started for his home. Simbo's mother is dead but her father seems very fond of her. The next day the father returned. This man is a Moslem and he said he had decided to stay with the little girl and bring her food himself as he was afraid she might be given food which a Moslem should not eat. The next morning Simbo had her first operation. She seemed to have perfect confidence in the doctor and everyone about and got along fine. The leg was put in a cast and Simbo was quite happy while waiting until the next operation could be made. With a little pocket mirror which gave her the first glimpse she had ever got of her own Pleasant Face, and an old Woman's Home Companion with its bright colored pictures, the days passed quickly enough.

Finally the time came for the second operation. On this day, a woman whom we learned to know as her stepmother came to stay with Simbo. Remembering the former operation, Simbo was not so willing to take the anaesthetic. By this time the novelty of everything had worn off and the operating room (which is only a corner of the veranda) with its table and sterilizer and instrument cabinet meant only pain. But this operation was soon over and Simbo once more back in her native bed in the tukl ward.

We felt that we must have some new toy for her which would in some measure compensate for the long days she must spend on the native cot in the tukl. How we wished for a doll, even a cast off doll

of some American child who has more than she can play with. But we had none so we decided to make one. The doll was made of unbleached muslin with embroidered face and lovely black hair made of yarn. (The head priest of our city came in for tea shortly after the doll was finished. When he saw it he chuckled all the time he was here because it had little braids exactly like a Galla woman.) The head was too large, the arms much too fat and the legs insisted upon remaining crossed in a most unlady-like manner, but we voted it quite a success when it was all dressed even to a lovely string of beads and a real native shawl with fringe. It is hard for Americans to imagine a land where the children have no toys. No child here has ever seen any sort of a doll. When we took the doll to Simbo it was such a strange thing that she was afraid of it. But after a little the fear was forgotten and the doll is now a constant companion.

Now almost ten days have passed since Simbo's last operation. In another week she will try to walk for the first time. She will never walk as other little girls but what a wonderful thing if she can only get around. Her father has promised us that when she is old enough she may come to school. We hope by that time we will have a boarding school and Simbo may be taught more than to read and write. She will never be able to work as the Galla girls and women in this land must and for that reason, if she proves an apt pupil, we will probably be able to keep her in school much longer than is usually the case. May we not look into the future and hope that Simbo may become a teacher or Mission helper? In any case, we feel that the news of her cure will persuade many other parents to bring their children to the doctor, and there are so many children who are sick or deformed. She has done us missionaries and the other people in the hospital a lot of good. You, too, would love Simbo, the Pleasant Face.

Note— We believe this is the most appealing story we have ever given readers of the Magazine.

If you can send a box of dolls or children's toys to Mrs. Shields, do so at once. The address is Rev. R. F. Shields, Gore Bank of Abyssinia, Addis Ababa, Abyssinia. Send all gifts post paid and registered. Do not fail to pay full postage.

Editor of The Women's Missionary Magazine

It will be a great day in your Church if all or any large proportion of the members bring their resources to Jesus, with faith that they will be reinforced by the resources of God. "The world," said Lyman Abbott, " the world has seen what God and Martin Luther have done, what God and John Calvin have done, what God and John Wesley have done, and what God and Dwight L. Moody have done, and what God and many others have done, *but the world has yet to see what God and ALL His people can do.*"—From Christian Herald, N. Y.

EDITORIAL.

MRS. GEORGE M. MOORE, Editor, Xenia, Ohio.

OUR FOREIGN MISSION SPECIAL NUMBERS.

With this issue we close for the time being our special numbers. We especially refer to the September, October, November and December numbers. We owe to our foreign missionaries the entire thanks of the Magazine for the intensely interesting and appealing information. We have our co-editors in each field. In the Sudan is Mrs. D. S. Oyler, who is widely known for her ability to write. Yet she is willing to forego any compensation she might have and has had from other Magazines in order to give to the readers of our *Women's Missionary Magazine* her whole time and her choicest talents as writer. Mrs. Oyler has the manifold duties of a missionary life and home making, yet she supplies a large place as Co-editor.. Miss Minnehaha Finney of Egypt has the honor and satisfaction also of bringing the missionary messages from Egyptian Missions as the first co-editor and many compliments and words of appreciation have come to the Editor of the *Women's Missionary Magazine* for the splendid Egypt Special numbers. Miss Finney is located at Tanta, Egypt, has charge of the Bible Women in that district and yet keeps her full quota of space in each issue of Magazine with delightful as well as instructive information.

Our India correspondent up to the present time and for the past 14 years or more is Mrs. E. L. Porter, wife of Dr. Porter, head of the Gordon Mission College at Rawal Pindi, India. We will always feel indebted to Mrs. Porter for the rare excellence of her work. Mrs. Porter by inherited and acquired gifts is a natural writer. Not merely putting things together, but the rarest of gifts to give everything to the reader with a setting that always made you feel you had been there. We have heard many fine words of appreciation of Mrs. Porters special numbers. She has really brought information to the readers of the Magazine that could not be obtained any place else. Mrs. Porter is in America for a protracted furlough and has given the task of co-editor for India to Miss Jean Morrison. Miss Morrison needs no introduction as a writer nor as a faithful missionary. We realize in addition to her regular work she has had given to her a real incessant job and when we appeal from all, whom she expects to assist her, prompt and willing service. And then comes the wonderland discovered by "Tom" Lambie, Abyssinia. Who else but Mrs. T. A. Lambie could pour into pages and secure others in Abyssinia to help her. Isn't this Abyssinian number wonderful? "Just five years ago"! Mrs. Lambie has had other experiences as co-editor when in the Sudan, but there in Abyssinia she is experiencing the romance and the real of Christian Missions.

Every land is different from any other, yet the one purpose and the one leader is the same. Read this number carefully and then give thanks to God for the wonderful way it has been opened. We do not wonder Dr. Tom Lambie and Mrs. Lambie and the host of other co-laborers who are joining them year after year are so completely in love with the opening in Abyssinia.

Subscribers to the *Women's Missionary Magazine,* who do not keep their magazines on file make a great mistake. There is material in every Special Number that can not be given again, nor is it likely can be found elsewhere. We consider the pages of the bound volumes of the *Women's Missionary Magazine* of value year after year in Mission Study. We have been greatly complimented in the splendid work of our co-editors.

THANK-OFFERING DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN.
Thank-Offering Secretary
805 Taylor Avenue, Avalon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"WHAT THEN?"

"He is counting on you."
He has need of your life
In the thick of the strife;
For that weak one may fall
If you fail at His call.
He is counting on you,
If you fail Him—What then?

"He is counting on you."
On your silver and gold,
On that treasure you hold;
On that treasure still kept,
Though the doubt o'er you swept
"Is this gold not all mine?"
("Lord, I knew it was Thine.")
He is counting on you,
If you fail Him—What then?

"He is counting on you."
On a love that will share
In His burden of prayer,
For the souls He has bought
With His life blood; and sought
Through His sorrow and pain
To win "Home" yet again.
He is counting on you,
If you fail Him—What then?

"He is counting on you."
On life, money, and prayer;
And "the day shall declare"
If you let Him have all
In response to His call;
Or if in that day
To your sorrow must say
"I have counted on you,"
But you failed Me—What then?

"He is counting on you."
Oh! the wonder and grace,
To look Christ in the face
And not be ashamed;
For you gave what He claimed,
And you laid down your all
For His sake—At His call.
He has counted on you,
And you failed not—What then?

Bessie Porter Head.

OUR GRATITUDE

Our gifts as we present them in our annual "Ingathering" are expressions of our gratitude to Him for the many blessings we have received from His hand.

Gratitude is sometimes compared to a beautiful tree whose roots are found imbedded in a loving heart, a tree whose leaves shelter all who seek its protection from the scorching rays of selfishness and greed, and whose fruits enrich every soul who partakes of it.

Are we always grateful to the Giver of our gifts? Have we not taken these and enjoyed them without thinking beyond the joy and pleasure they give us. God has given us many commands. If we follow these we will find rich rewards.

"Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the most High."
—Psalm 50:14

"O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things."
—Psalm 98:1

"O give thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people."—Psalm 105:1

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase. So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."—Prov. 3:9.

"Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving."—Col. 4:2

"In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."—1 Thess. 5:18.

We know the Giver of all our blessings. Let us show our gratitude by our gifts.

"God's goodness hath been great to all. Let never a day or night unhallowed pass, but still remember what the Lord hath done."

"Bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

ALL PRESBYTERIALS ON THE HONOR ROLL

Let this be the goal of the 1924 Thank-Offering year. We know these are very busy days for our faithful Presbyterial Secretaries, but we trust that they are happy days as well. You will be happy if each Women's, Young Women's and Junior Society within your Presbyterial has filled out in full the blank sent them and have sent it promptly to you. We hope too that each of these societies are able to report an

increase in the amount of the Thank-Offering.

The interest and enthusiasm of the ones sending the report blanks will be a joy and blessing to the Thank-Offering Secretary receiving it.

Be sure to secure a completely filled blank from each society, if so your Presbyterial will have a place on the Honor Roll. If some of your societies have not sent their reports to you, please write for them today. If no response is received write a second time, then continue until the report is complete.

Certainly our societies will want to help their Presbyterial Secretary by sending in complete reports as soon as possible after the "Ingathering". As soon as money is sent by the society treasurer to the Presbyterial treasurer, fill the blank and mail to the Secretary whose address you will find at the top of the blank.

The General Treasurer's books of the 1924 Thank-Offering close January 1, 1925.

All Presbyterial reports are to be mailed to 905 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE 1924 THANK-OFFERING

When this Magazine comes to you the 1924 Thank-Offering will have been held and the gifts of gratitude recorded by society and Presbyterial treasurers. This Thank-Offering made up of gifts from many individuals; gifts from north, south, east and west; gifts accompanied with prayer of thanksgiving and praise for the many blessings received from His hand. Prayer also upon the gifts as it goes into work of the Women's General Missionary Society.

WHEN SHOULD WE BEGIN TO PLAN FOR THE THANK-OFFERING OF 1925?

Shall we wait until next fall to plan for the "Ingathering?" No. God is pouring out His blessings on us daily. We want to thank Him daily. As soon as you give this years offering begin to plan for the 1925 Thank-Offering. Arrange to have the Thank-Offering presented at each meeting of the society during the year. Encourage each woman in the congregation to use the blessing box and the 1925 Thank-Offering will be the largest in amount and in number of givers in the history of the Thank-Offering Movement.

PRESBYTERIAL TREASURERS.

PLEASE KEEP IN MIND THAT THE 1924 THANK-OFFERING MUST BE IN THE HANDS OF MRS. J. B. HILL, GENERAL TREASURER, NOT LATER THAN THE MORNING OF JANUARY FIRST 1925.

A CHRISTMAS WISH TO ALL.

A bright and blessed Christmas Day,
With echoes of the Angels' song,
And peace that cannot pass away
And holy gladness, calm and strong;
And sweet heart carols, flowing free;
This is my Christmas wish to Thee.

F. R. Havergal.

The Christmas season has come again. God has continued our lives, and we see all around us evidence of the Christmas time. Shops are adorned in red, green and gold; radiating good cheer and gift suggestions.

At this time may we think of the great gift God sent to the world. He gave His best gift to us. His love for us was so great that He gave His only begotton son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have eternal life.

We have brought in our thank-offerings, our expression of gratitude to Him for the blessings showered upon us during the year.

As our hearts are filled with joy and rejoicing at this Christmas time, may we also give honor, praise and gifts to Him the giver of all our gifts.

GIVING THANKS ALWAYS FOR ALL THINGS IN THE NAME OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST TO GOD, EVEN THE FATHER. Eph. 5:4.

LIST OF LIFE MEMBERS.

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERS

At $25.00 Each

Beginning October 15th, Ending Nov. 15th.

73. Mrs. Alice Van Der Bogart, Amsterdam, N. Y.
74. Mrs. Grace Jordan Sebring, Columbus, Ohio. In memory of her mother.
75. Anna B. Wilson, Piper City, Ill.
76. Mrs. George W. Frank, Buffalo, N. Y. By Women's Missionary Society of Second U. P. Church.
77. Mrs. W. B. Bryson, Xenia, Ohio. By a Friend 2nd U. P. Church Xenia, Ohio.
78. Mrs. Ed Williams, Columbus, O.
79. Marian Dye, Columbus, Ohio. By a friend.
80. Mabel Robb, Greenville, Tenn. By friends, First United Presbyterian Church, Xenia, Ohio.
81. Anna Robb, Greenville, Tenn. By friends, First United Presbyterian Church, Xenia, Ohio.
82. Mrs. H. C. Trumbull, Greenville, Tenn. By friends, First United Presbyterian Church, Xenia, O.
83. Margaret Rife, Cedarville, Ohio.
84. Mrs. J. Howard Boyd, By New Wilmington W. M. S.
85. Mrs. K. W. McFarland, New Wilmington, Pa., An appreciation by a few friends.
86. Mrs. J. Davis, New York City, N. Y. By Mrs. F. R. Potter.
87. Mrs. Walter Brittan, New York City, N. Y. By Mrs. F. R. Potter.
88. Mrs. Fannie M. Kyle, Pittsburgh, Pa., By Mr. and Mrs. Raymond T. Sullivan
89. Mrs. Mary B. Hanlon, Sterling, Kansas. By Mrs. Nancy Hanlon.
90. Mrs. Mary E. Weede, Sterling, Kansas. By a friend.
91. Mrs. Wm. Christenson, Pittsburgh, Pa., By her husband.
92. Mrs. James Dodds, New Wilmington, Pa., In memory of her Mother, Mrs. Lettie McIlvain.
93. Margaret L. McClenahan, New York City, By Mrs. J. G. McCrory.
94. Helen G. Stewart, New York City, By Mrs. J. G. McCrory.
95. Lois J. McCrory, Riverdale on Hudson, N. Y. C., By Mrs. J. G. McCrory
96. E. Marjorie McCrory, Riverdale on Hudson, N. Y. C. By Mrs. J. G. McCrory.
97. Helen Thompson, Trenton, Ohio. By the Hamilton, Ohio Society.
98. Mrs. A. D. (Edith M) Martin, Central Falls, R. I.,
99. Mrs. Claude J. Lawrence, Pittsburgh, Pa., By the women of the Beechview U. P. Church.
100. Mrs. Sarah Spratt, Pittsburgh, Pa., By her daughter, Edna.
101. Mary E. Black, Pittsburgh, Pa.
102. Mrs. Jessie Coventry, Pittsburgh, Pa.
103. Mrs. Mary J. Johnston (In Memoriam) By her daughter, Agnes M. Johnston.

FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS.

Athens, Tenn.—Rev. C. H. Wilson.

Riceville—Miss Hattie E. McKeldin, Principal, Riceville, Tenn.

Knoxville, Tenn.—Rev. J. Kelly Giffen.

***Camden, Ala.—Rev. W. G. Wilson, Camden, Ala.**

***Canton Bend, Ala.—Rev. J. N. Cotton, Camden, Wilcox County, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1.**

***Miller's Ferry, Ala.—Rev. C. S. Simpson, Camden, Ala., Mark "For Miller's Ferry."**

***Prairie, Ala.—J. W. E. Wade, Postoffice address, Prairie, Ala.; shipping point, Cathrine, Ala.**

***Annie Manie, Ala.—Rev. R. P. Williams, Postoffice address, Annie Manie, Ala.; shipping point, Arlington, Ala.**

***Bluestone, Va.—Mr. John A. Bouldin, Jeffress, Va.**

***Mark "For Bluestone Mission."**

***Chase City, Va.—Rev. F. W. Wilson.**

***Henderson, Vance Co., N. C. Rev. John A. Cotton, D. D.**

***Townsville, N. C.—Prof. W. E. Williams.**

This directory is correct, up-to-date, and will carry clothing safely, if correctly followed. Please remember to prepay freight and then write to the principal of the mission at the time of sending and enclose receipted bill of lading.

***Donations of clothing needed. New material and Christmas boxes may be sent to any of the stations. Always put name of society and place inside of box or barrel so that it may be identified and acknowledged.**

YOUNG WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,
MISS IDA B. LITTLE,
1503 Dormont Ave., Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AIM:—TO DO RIGHT—FOR DUTY'S SAKE;

MOTTO:—"NEVER MIND THE CHANCE THAT IS PAST WATCH FOR THE NEXT OPPORTUNITY AND QUALIFY YOURSELF TO BE ABLE TO SEIZE IT,"

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORK FOR 1924—1925

Support of Pasrur, India, Girls Boarding School, $4,350. Salaries—Home: Matron of Dormitory, Frenchburg, Kentucky. Superintendent of Jubilee Hospital, Miss Eva Johnson, R. N., Henderson, N. C. City Missionary, Miss Laura Sawhill, Spokane, Washington, $2,680. Salary—Foreign (new); Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker, Gore, Abyssinia, $800.00. Total askings $7.830.

Each Society is asked to contribute at the rate of $1.00 per member.

NEW YOUNG WOMENS SOCIETIES

Des Moines Presbyterial—Pitzer Kate A. Hill Mission Circle. Pres. Miss Bertha Sawhill, R. F. D. Winterset, Ia.

Philadelphia Presbyterial—Wilmington, Del. Y. W. M. S. Corresponding Sec'y. Miss Emma M. Huey, 106 N. Broone St., Wilmington, Del.

YOUNG WOMENS SPECIAL, ETC.

As your regular funds are coming in, are you remitting at least quarterly to your Presbyterial Treasurer? Are you planning definitely to be able to qualify on the Standard of Efficiency? Are you studying how you may have a definite interest in every department of the great field in America and overseas? If you do not know how to divide your money, study and doing will teach you how.

Now as to the special. Note amounts as paid by November 1st for several years—let's say for five years:—

1920	$ 795
1921	878
1922	1093
1923	939
1924	1088

These several years yielded at the close of the year as follows:—

1920 & '21	$5,601.50
1921 & '22	5,995.86
1922 & '23	7,218.95
1923 & '24	7,637.12
1924 & '25	?

The question will be answered by you.

"TOILING OR TRIFLING?"

This is an apt question. It might be put with profit to every one of us. In this world of multitudenous engagements,—business, social, educational, religious,—and lines of work which are legion, there may be many living so close to the borderland which divides toil from trifling that it is really difficult to ascertain whether they mean business or are just keeping up appearances. To go into detail would make a long story.

Engage some people in specific, conversation. To hear them talk and express themselves so vigorously, you might be led to misclass them. Watch their work,—perhaps all the vigor will evaporate as steam, having been but mere words. Such people may mean well, but they must be classed, so far as actual accomplishment is concern, as dwadlers,—triflers.

Presidental year is a good time to size up people. Listen to the critic declaring what should have been done by the one holding office; and what must be done by the new incumbent. If you are the to accept all you hear as gospel truth, you will think, "My, the wisdom of these men, or per-chance, women!" But wait a little. Note their attitude and action toward local civil duties. Notice how frequently they absent themselves from Church. Look for them in vain in the weekly prayer service. Discover that in their dealings they would squeeze blood out of a turnip if it could be done and to their advantage! Discover that all virtue in the president, they would

while they would demand all wisdom and parley long to save a few cents—for themselves although it be unjust towards those with whom they deal. Triflers!

How careful we should be, however, in passing judgment on others unless we have facts to prove our judgment. We might say of a girl who has finished school and is not employed in some field of service outside the home that she is trifling away her time. True her mother needs help and companionship and desire her daughter's presence. She much prefers this to having a maid in the home or day's labor for she wishes some exercise but is not able for the whole burden. Do you say such a daughter, one who yields to her mother's wishes, is a trifler? You cannot say she is. She is a toiler in the home and in her Church. There are some girls very busy working out in the world who are idlers in the Lord's service. Triflers!

Do not misunderstand. If a girl is not necessary to her mother's well-being, then she is necessary in some other definite place for God never meant that any one be a trifler,—an idler. Note the following illustration:—A girl was finishing her freshman year in college. Her parents were financing her education, but were doing so with great difficulty although they did not complain. When vacation time approached, she was tempted to go home and enjoy an easy summer, helping about the house or garden. But her sense of justice prevailed. She was not needed at home. She had an opportunity to go into a hotel for the summer. Her job was no easy task, making salads that would be delectable,—especially when she had had no special training in this line. But she remained faithful and accumulated a nice little savings for her sophomore year. She was a worthy toiler.

If you are doing your best in the place you are called upon to fill, ever remembering your share of responsibility home, civic and religious matters, you are a blessed toiler. If the contrary is true, you are a miserable trifler.

Now please apply these remarks to your missionary society. Decide what you are to the organization, and the organization to the community and the work at large. Your success, humanly speaking, is due to toil on the part of some one or ones. Are you of the number? Its failure may often be traced to trifling on some one's part. Is it you? Loving, intelligent toil is rewarded and trifling yields nothing but barrenness of joy, defeat.

"There is no crown of victory to be secured, either from God or men, except by winning in the race of life according to lawful rules."

Ida B. Little.

LAYING HOLD ON SUPERIOR STRENGTH

Alone in the cool of the evening,
When the day endarkens with gloom
Sat a slim and dark featured maiden,
With cheeks of ne'er fading bloom.

The twilight was pleasant about her,
Yet deep in her heart lay a shade
That stole up and left an impression,
In the dark, thoughtful eyes of the maid.

Slowly her eyes filled with tear-drops,
Which silently slipped down her face;
Then swiftly the hand of the dark one
Erased the tear blighting trace.

She silently strove with emotions,
But the heart must have out its say:
And unburden its share of lifes troubles:
Repress it as hard as you may.

"O why," cried the heart, can't I open"
"My doors and let trouble flee out?"
"Why can't I unfold all the heart-ache
I have fain longed to tell you about?"

"Must I always be studious, thoughtful,
A bond-slave to work all the time?"
"I will not submit to it alway,
My very soul feels it a crime."

My best friend and I are drifting apart;
Drifting for reasons unknown!
O, how I long the tide to rebuke,
And call my friend ever my own.

Why can't I advance as the others?
Must I always stay down on the plains
And receive but part of the pleasures,
For all of life's troubles and pains?

Hush, sad one, cease thy repining!
Learn thou that Superior Strength
Is to him who breasts all the billows,
And conquers life's problems at length.

Be thy soul never discouraged!
Let thy heart ne'er be cast down!
Oft I think of the pleasures of others,
And e're wear a smile for a frown.

Don't think you have lost your distinction,
Your honor, your friends, or your place.
Forget you are living mid trouble,
And again have a smile on your face.

Forget there e're was a shadow,
Bask in the sunshine, and give
Of the sunshine you have to others,
Thus helping the others to live.

Thus whispered the hope of Superior Strength,
To the maiden, with thoughts so sad,
Who thoughtfully wondered if after all,
The world treated her quite so bad.

Then the face of the thoughtful one brightened.
As the twilight darkened to night,
And laying hold on "Superior Strength,"
She smilingly won in the fight.

By Ethel Grace Ramsey East Liverpool, Ohio.
"A teen age girl"

The Wevapa Young Women's Missionary Society of West Alexander, Pa. United Presbyterian Church in Wheeling Presbytery, was organized in July 1924 with ten charter members. We expect our membership to be 14 or 15 at our October meeting. All but two of the members are school girls. Miss Hannah Anderson, West Alexander, Pa., R. F. D. is president.

As some of our members had but recently come into a United Presbyterian Church and had not had access to our denominational literature previously, I planned some contests that the girls might get definite information in an interesting way right at the start of our work. These are held in the form of the old time Spelling Bee by having captains choose sides and each contestant asked in turn questions previously sent to each member to be committed to memory. Our first contest was held at the last meeting and proved to be quite interesting. As a new member and some guests had not had opportunity to memorize the questions we were asked to repeat the same questions at the next meeting in addition to the list to be sent out on the Sudan for the October meeting.

YOUNG WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY (Y. W. M. S.) QUESTIONNAIRE.

Sent by Mrs. James Lewis of West Alexander

1. What is the name of our society?
2. How old is the Y. W. M. S. Dep't?
3. Who has charge of all Young Women's societies in our denomination?
4. In what Presbytery is our Church?
5. Who is our Young Women's Presbyterial Secretary?
6. Why were Young Women's societies organized?
7. What is the aim of the Young Women's Missionary Society?
8. How many Young Women's Societies are there?
9. How many members in all these Societies?
10. How much money was contributed by these members last year?
11. How was this money used?
12. What is the Young Women's Special Fund?
13. What is the Special to be used for in Home Mission work this year?
14. Name the objects.
15. What foreign work is to be done by the Special this year?
16. Do the young women help in any other way?
17. Where can we learn what other Young Women's Missionary Societies are doing?

Note—Perhaps your society has a scheme through which information is given to your constituency. The above list is given that you may know how one society is doing it. Do you have a definite plan? If so please give others the benefit of it.

Young Women's Mission Circle—Sixth U. P. Church—North Side.

October 9th, 1924.

THE DEBT ETERNAL

What is the Debt Eternal? It is the debt we owe to the children. It may be that all the children we know live in Christian homes and enjoy the benefits of such homes, but how many children there are who know nothing of parental love, happy homes, outdoor life, education and above all religious training.

Hundreds there are who suffer from sickness and disease who do not get even the necessities of life and live in overcrowded houses in districts where crime and immorality thrive. Many of these children are even forced to work in mills and factories, in cotton and tobacco fields, canneries and other such places because of poverty or the greed of parents for money. They have no child life and know nothing of its joys.

The children of today are the men and women of tomorrow; men and women upon whom the future, not only of our own country, but of the whole world depends. To make secure the future, it behooves us as Christians to strive to remedy existing conditions. It is a big task we have before us, but we must not fail. Christ has said, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto Me."

Nada M. Macher. Editor of Circle.

The Lois M. Buchanan Circle of the 9th Ave. Church, Mommouth, Ill., holds its Young Women's Special meeting in the fall. Last October one feature of the program was a song.

It was composed by one of the members, Mrs. Myrtle Rhea.

Music to—Holy, Holy, Holy

I

Now we give our dollars
For our Dollar Special.
Gratefully we give our share
To help thee everywhere.

Dollars, special dollars,
Glady now we drop them
To help and strengthen
All God's wondrous work.

II

Dollars, dollars, dollars;
How we've schemed to get them
But we know we're doing right
To give them here tonight
Oh, this Dollar Special
How we've planned to bring it
And to send it on its way
For the L. M. Bs' today.

"The story of Una Faith is true. It was the personal experience of an earnest Christian worker. Except of course the names are not hers. It occurred some twelve years ago. She has found since then the Bible to be the living word; moving, breathing. Her experience answered her questions; they have not come to her since.

Some will question and some will say she had brainstorms. And some may say it was an illusion of the evil one. Some may say she was abnormally good. She is not exactly any of these,—only one of God's children whose questions were answered. She just desired to give to others what had been a real benefit to herself."

Note—The following article by Miss Laura Sawhill, "Una Unbelief, becomes Una Faith," is rather remarkable in places. Whether or not some one might think it fiction or fancy, Miss Sawhill was communicated with and she vouches for the authenticity of it as quoted above.

UNA UNBELIEF BECOMES UNA FAITH

Una had grown to maturity in a Christian home. Indeed, she did not know what it was to live in any other than a Christian atmosphere. She had heard prayers morning and night ever since she could remember. She had been taught to say the Lord's Prayer at her father's knee at the same time that she had been taught to talk. Not only were her parents and grandparents on both sides of the family Christian people, but as far back as she knew her forefathers had been followers of the Nazarene. Una herself at an early age united with the

Church. And perhaps you will think that the name Una Unbelief is an unworthy one to have bestowed upon her. But unbelief is of such a subtle nature, that streaks of it exist even when it is not suspected.

Now, Una was teaching a class in Bible School. The lesson for the day had been "The Burning Bush." She had told the boys in her class the story. They had been listening attentively; then something had whispered to her, "Why do you teach that stuff to those boys; Do you believe it yourself?" She thought it was Conscience who had spoken. I myself think it was the Evil One. Again, the lesson had been "Saul's Journey to Damascus" and that same whisper had said, "You hypocrite. That was probably some natural occurrence."

Una had been perplexed, disturbed, annoyed by these thoughts. She had said, "Is it true or is it all a mistake?" Then she remembered an experience she had had when a child. She had heard her father read aloud a history of the Reformation under Martin Luther. She had debated with herself as to why Luther's persecutors had been so blind and unjust. Was it not because they had been so taught by their parents and grandparents for generations back? Then the thought had come; "You believe just as you have been taught. Perhaps you are wrong and the Catholics were right. Isn't it time somebody was doing a little independent thinking?"

Then how was she to know if what she had been taught of God were the truth? These thoughts had come to her as she walked one morning along the road leading to her home in the country. Just then a gust of wind passed over an adjoining field of wheat which covered the whole hillside. Before the wind the wheat rose and fell in long beautiful waves, now green, now gray; and now a glint of blue. Below ran the slow waters of the creek, and beyond were the green meadows and the oak trees. She had said, "How beautiful! Where did it all come from? Who made it? Who thought it all out?"

"My father and mother say 'God.' My grandparents say 'God.' The Bible says 'God'. But does that prove it? How may I know if God is God?"

"The Bible says that God answers prayer." She then and there decided to make the test. She thought; The Bible says you should say 'Thy Will be done.' She reasoned, I'll not say that this time, for this is to be a test to know if there really is a God.

But what could she pray for? She wanted to make sure if it was answered, and not just an accident.

She thought of several things, but decided they might happen anyway.

Then came in sight a house, the home of a little friend. Now, she and Helen were very particular about taking turns in making their visits to each other, and it was her turn to visit Helen. It would not just happen if Helen should visit her that afternoon. Then she prayed.

"Dear Lord—I want to know if God made the world, and if the Bible is true. I want to know if God answers prayer. If so, send Helen to my house to visit this afternoon." She decided she ought to say, "For Jesus' sake, Amen".

She had gone on to her home. When she arrived other friends were there to visit her and she had forgotten all about the prayer she had made. Lunch was over; lively games out in the orchard were in progress. She heard her mother calling, and when she answered, her mother had said, "Helen is here. She has come to visit with you this afternoon."

Una suddenly remembered her prayer. "There is a God; He answers prayer and Oh, He answers my prayer." She said to Helen, "What put it into your mind to visit me?" "O, I got lonesome, I just couldn't stand it, and mama said she knew you were out here, for she saw you passing this morning."

Now, the years had gone by; her love of beauty and of nature had not ceased. Still she loved to stroll into—

"The deep and quite wood,
Into the solemn air,
Solemn and silent everywhere,

Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer;
Like one in prayer I stood."

And still the dear Lord answered her prayers and brought her many blessings. Yet those questions remained.

But it may be that it was her very love of nature that had in these later years brought her into trouble. Or it may have been a "testing time," or the Lord's means of perfecting what was lacking in her faith.

Still the question would come, "Was it really God who spoke from the burning bush? Might there not be some natural explanation of Saul's experience on the road to Damascus?" Different questions arose to annoy her.

Was her faith in God slipping away from her? She could not bear the thought. How empty life would be without hope. And she had prayed and prayed; and yet the answer did not seem to come. She fought on, sometimes triumphant but oftener defeated.

Then finally came that never-to-be-forgotten day. She was alone in the house. Worried and depressed about matters which she could not control, she had, as her custom was, taken the matter to her Heavenly Father. She had stretched out her hands and had said "O my Saviour, come to me. If you do not, I am lost." There had been neither light nor fire within the house; outside no ray of sunshine penetrated the fog; what followed could not have been a natural light.

Hoping to find some comfort she opened her Bible and read the first sentence she saw. She said aloud, "Why, I never before noticed how that verse suggests the actual presence of Christ." As she said it, a clear blue flame struck her over the head with such stinging force that the pain remained for several minutes afterward; and a voice said, in perfect English: "Because you have appealed to me, I am here." She sat down, amazed. What was it, brain storms? On that very day there passed out of her life the things that had caused her so much trouble.

Now it was easy enough to belivee that God was in the Burning Bush; and that Jesus himself spoke to Paul on the way to Damascus. For had not Christ spoken to her? At last the Lord had answered her questions.

Heretofore she had thought her name was Faith, but now she saw that it really had been Unbelief.

Laura G. Sawhill,
Young Women's Special Worker
4th Spokane, Wash.

HOME MISSIONS

INDIAN MISSIONS

Rev. W. A. Matthews, ...Simnasho, Ore.
Rev. R. G. Smith, ...Tama, Iowa
Rev. R. H. Barr, ...Warm Spring, Ore.

HOME MISSIONARIES

Miss Margaret Heazlett, 443 Campbell St. Wilkins-
..... burg, Pa.
Miss Irene Mechlin, (Alien's) 7713 Hamilton Ave.,
..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Grace Welch, (Alien's) .....Langloth, Pa.
Miss Romain Russell, (Alien's) .....Hickory, Pa.
Mrs. Grazia Balducci, 1311 Herkimer St.,
..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Dorothy Donaldson, (Alien's) 41 Cortland
..... Place,, Grantwood, N. J.
Miss Ella Montgomery, 200 N. Benton St., Mans-
..... field, Ohio.
Miss Elizabeth McMillan, ...Blair, Oklahoma.
Miss Ruth Elta Findley, 115 W. Main St.,
..... Weiser, Idaho
Miss Laura Sawhill, N. 1111 Magnolia St.,
..... Spokane, Wash.
Miss Fay Taylor, 503 W. Crocket St., Seattle, Wash.
Miss Theresa Lippert, 1300 McAlister St.,
..... San Francisco, Cal.
Miss May Bankson, ...Multnoma, Oregon
Mrs. Ada M. Tracey, 2419 Langdale, Ave.,
Miss Irma G. Allen, 122 S. Greville Ave.,
..... Inglewood, Cal.
..... Eagle Rock, Cal.
Mr. E. C. Little, 1925-5th Ave .....Los Angeles, Cal.

WORKERS AMONG THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE

Rev. and Mrs. H. Ray Shear .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Gordon .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Esther Mitchell, M. D. .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Olive Hunting, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Grace Hesseltine, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Verda Williams, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Riba Thompson, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Helen Chambers, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Ruth Beattie, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mildred Benson, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Prof and Mrs. Merle McDowell .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Jessie Rankin, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Margaret Ure, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Elizabeth Duff, ...Ezel, Ky.
Miss Ruth Bemis .....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Leda Stephens, ...Ezel, Ky.
Miss Mabel Jones, ...Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. J. C. Alter, Supt., ...Ezel, Ky.

FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS.

MRS. ADA KERR WILSON, Secretary, 510 McNair Avenue, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

The lack of rain is causing a somewhat serious condition in some of our missions—Prairie reports "no rain since July and nearly out of water."

Millers Ferry entertained the Sabbath Schools of our Alabama Missions and the Young Peoples Christian Unions in a joint convention in October. There was a good attendance and the meeting was both profitable and pleasant. The visitors were delighted with the new building and the girls who live in the dormitory are much pleased with their new quarters and are taking pride in keeping their rooms neat and clean at all times. One of the needs at present, is *new linen* for the dining room.

Societies wanting to do something for this department take notice!

In our Robinson Memorial Hospital there are four girls in training who seem much interested. Miss Rhea, the superintendent hopes to have a class of the Community Mothers, who are interested in home hygiene, in the near future.

Much interest in the domestic science and sewing classes is shown by the pupils at Canton Bend and the results from this training are shown, in the brighter homes throughout the community.

Many barrels and boxes are received at the different stations and they are much appreciated and badly needed at this time when the cold penetrates even the "Sunny South". Mr. Simpson of Millers Ferry reports no clothing on hand at present and garments for winter will be much in demand. Through this article, he wishes to thank all those who have helped them in the past. Two packages were received last month—A quilt from the Women's Missionary Society of Evanston, Ill., and a box of tea towels from Pawnee City, Neb.

Riceville received two boxes—one from North Bend, Neb., and one from Loveland, Col.

One package from a friend in Petrolia, Pa. was received at Bluestone. To all the good friends we are deeply grateful and ask when you are making up your gifts that you would pray for the missions to the colored brother.

INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. John S. Crawford, Secretary, 5 Trenton Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Tama—Rev. R. G. Smith reports 150 pastorial visits during the month. Preaching services 8, Sabbath School sessions 8, Missionary meetings 8, Average attendance at Sabbath School 45 at Tama, and 25 at Reservation.

The chapel has been open every evening this month. We have been teaching the Indians how to vote.

Last Sabbath we held Communion with fifty in attendance, five were added to the Church roll, and we lost one by death.

Simnasho—Rev. W. A. Matthews reports 47 pastorial visits, 4 preaching services and 4 Sabbath School sessions with an average attendance of 25.

Mr. Matthews writes:—A few families are still away, but the work in the potato fields is about done and the rest of our people will soon be coming home. Then too the weather has grown very inclement, an added incentive for them to be turning their faces homeward.

Our first rain came last Wednesday. The Indians will suffer this winter because of this drought. Crops were an absolute failure; the grass on the open range failed long ago and the horses and cattle are poor at the very outset of winter. Many of these will perish during the winter because the Indians have absolutely no feed for them.

Last week one of our young men came to me for $10.00. He had a sick girl. He said he would pay me some time but

couldn't promise to do so very soon. I let him have the money. Today I have had two calls for assistance. Old Joe Henning wanted $5.00, Joe is a cripple. As he stood before me he looked like a veritable ragman. He said he and his old woman were hungry. I gave him an order on the merchant at Wapinitia for groceries to the value of $5.00. The other old Indian wanted some provisions.

I think all this is an index of what we may expect this winter. Our new building is all enclosed safe and sound against the stormy weather. I am working on the interior as I get time. I'll try and get some help again in a little while and finish the interior as far as have lumber with which to work. This will make it suitable for the winter.

I was over this morning to see a sick man. We think it is pneumonia. Mrs Matthews has gone to see him again this afternoon and took him some milk. We expect to see the doctor over from the Agency some time before evening.

We dread the bad roads and the bad weather which winter always brings us here. Just now the roads are terrible. Tomorrow is election day. The nearest polling booth is thirteen miles from here. It is going to be a days work for Mrs. Matthews and I to cast our votes.

Warm Springs--Rev. R. H. Barr reports 55 calls this month 25 of which has been on account of sickness. Preaching services 10 and 5 prayer meetings. The Sabbath School collections amounted to $1.68 and the congregational collection $9.47. "Never going to quit raining any more"—The conditions are very much like they were when you and Mrs. Wiegering were here in July 1923.

Last week we received our 4 loads of hay from 4 miles north of Gateway, 16 miles from here. How thankful we are we got our good hay before the roads broke up.

About 9 P. M. it began a gentle sprinkle which kept up during the night.

Yesterday morning 9 4-horse teams went to Gateway to haul hay from the car. A few of the teams arrived about 8 P. M. last night, one man arrived at midnight. He came down that long Mecca grade where it was so dark he could not see to drive. He just had to let his 4 horses have the road. Two wagons got off the road this side of Mecca. They got in since noon today. Some camped at the top of the grade last night and did not try to come down the grade through the dark.

The Government is getting some 200 tons of hay, most of which is for the Indians (on the installment plan). What a time they may have now to get it hauled. They pay $18.00 for it at Gateway. The Supt. could not get permission to get the hay sooner.

How bare the hillsides and plains are! Certainly stock will starve this winter. Some are quite poor now.

One of our members, an old lady died this morning.

Sabbath Sept. 28th all the elders were present except Mr. Stwyer who lives at Simnasho. Mr. Tomer Handley was not feeling well. He took worse soon after getting home that evening Pneumonia soon developed and on Saturday evening October 4th he was called to be forever with the Lord whom he faithfully tried to serve.

Mr. Handley, like the rest of us was only human but he tried to live up to the light he had.

I well remember going to his house one morning some two years ago to see Mrs. Handley who was quite sick. When I went in he was at worship. He and his little granddaughter sang a Bible Song number and he read a chapter in John and explained it in his own language to several Indians who were present.

The week Tomer died I went up one morning early with the doctor. The little granddaughter brought me a B. S. and said let us sing a number. These things show the custom in that Godly mans home. We have met a great loss. He was a kind neighbor and a true witness of Christ. Truly a great man has fallen in Warm springs.

We are trying to get the children to commit more Bible verses this year. Bessie has succeeded in getting a young

peoples meeting started on Sabbath evenings. I believe the children will hold to it and make a success of it.

NAME STICKS TO CAPTURED BEAR

WAPINITA, ORE., Oct. 14. (Special) —John Hights, predatory animal exterminator for the government, now stationed at the "Jake Lischner ranch," in twenty days has taken sixteen coyotes in steel traps. He also has a poison station on the J. P. Abbott sheep ranch near Wapinitia.

Hights caught a cub bear which he crated and expressed to the Washington zoo. The Rev. W. A. Matthews, of Simnasho, a missionary to the Warm Spring Indians, named the cub "Miss Simnasho," for the mission station on the reservation.

The name stuck, as a letter from Washington D. C., indicated that "Miss Simnasho arrived at the Washington zoo O. K."

INDIANS HEAR FROM COOLIDGE

By H. G. Hedin.

SIMANSHO, ORE., Oct. 29.—Superintendent Mortsolf of the Warm Springs Indian reservation was master of ceremonies at the Indian council held last Saturday in the United Presbyterian mission at Simnasho, at which time an honor certificate and a large American flag was presented the Warm Springs tribe. The certificate was personally signed by Calvin Coolidge and bore a message of award for the Warm Springs Indians who took part in active service during the world war. Chief Quiapania of the tribe stood erect, like a statute in bronze, while Superintendent Mortsoff delivered the presentation speech, which contained among other things the following statement:

"I congratulate you and your tribe in receiving this flag and certificate of honor and service. Keep it among the cherished treasures of your tribe. Spread this glorious flag over your council camps and special celebrations and when you shall lay down this life, these tokens of honor shall pass on to your successor."

The striking picture of the old chief holding the honor certificate with the American colors draped before him, held by the native interpreter and the superintendent, as the old keen eyed seer spoke in response, was a rare scene. He said in part through the interpreter:

"I wish every member of Warm Springs tribe could be here on this grand occasion. I appreciate what our great chief, the president at Washington, has done in honoring our brave Indian warriors of the great war. I wish that every Indian who voted for me as chief could be here to express thanks to Superintendent Mortsoff for our president. I shall keep this honor certificate as long as I live and am chief of the Warm Springs tribe."

Full citizenship, including the ballot, has been conferred upon these and all other tribes of the United States, numbering 350,000, and they are keenly interested in the white man's way of choosing officers and laws. Some Wasco county candidates were present at the council.

The Rev W. A. Matthews, missionary to the Warm Springs tribe, made a stirring appeal to the Indians to study the laws and candidates, and to vote November 4 at the new polling booths.

Superintendent Mortsoff said that Warm Springs tribe now numbered 900.

An hour's lecture on citizenship and civil government preceeded the presentation part of the ceremony.

On Wednesday a similar council was held at the Indian agency district and there will be a study session at Simnasho Friday, to further post the Indians on the ballot, candidates and in citizenship generally.

A Blackfoot, Montana, Indian girl is secretary to Superintendent Mortsoff, and took all the addresses in shorthand in real court reporter style.

HOME MISSIONS.

MRS. WM. S. COOK, Secretary, 1201 6th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.

A GLIMPSE OF THE WORK AT EZEL, KY.

When the last of the Ezel teachers left Frenchburg with "Uncle Dick" who is our faithful auto bus driver from Mt. Sterling via Frenchburg to Ezel, it was a perfect September day. Every minute of the trip over the beautiful winding new road, was a pleasure. Nevertheless we were glad when told that Ezel was just around the bend. How anxiously we strained our eyes for the first glimpse of the village, wondering if we would be dissappointed after the glowing accounts we had heard Truly, we can say it surpassed our expectations. The little village nestled among the hills with its scattered white houses, surrounded by beautiful trees, is indeed a picturesque spot. In the midst of it on a little knowl stands our new Church, not yet completed. Across the road from this, is the unfinished teachers home surrounded by several acres of land. Since the home was not completed, the kind people of the town took us in and are doing all possible to make our stay with them pleasant.

The evening after our arrival we were entertained at a picnic supper, where we made the acquaintance of many of our neighbors. Before the meal was finished, night was falling and we hastened to the building used temporarily for a Church, where we were entertained with a program given by the Young People, under the direction of Mrs. J. C. Alter and Mr. Lowrie Anderson. The new teachers were introduced, each responding with a few words. Our neighbors of the Frenchburg Faculty were then presented to the audience. The Boy Scouts gave a cheer for the new teachers and the program was over, leaving us with the feeling that we were indeed welcomed to Ezel.

The next two days were spent quietly in getting settled and in worshiping on the Sabbath in the little building that is our temporary Church home. When the clear bright dawn of Monday came it found the whole community astir. For the beginning of the Ezel school under the direction of The Women's Board of The United Presbyterian Church marks a new era in the history of education in Morgan County, Kentucky. Before the hour for opening, the children and many parents had gathered at the school house. The County Superintendent, Mr. Whitt, gave a most helpful talk to those assembled. Now two weeks of school are gone, we have an enrollment of 92. Things are running smoothly in spite of difficulties presented by the lack of school room and the scarcity of books. The plan for this year is to have the first four grades in the district school building, with the higher grades and the High school in the class rooms of the Church. The Church not being completed, all grades are in the district building, making half day sessions for the grades a necessity. The first four grades beginning at 8 o'clock A. M. and continuing until 11:30 with the higher grades from 12:30 until 4 P. M. The high school meeting in the present Church room for full day sessions.

The state of Kentucky adopted new text books this year, to be used in all schools. Although the new books had been ordered for some time, none were on hand for the opening day of school, and some have not yet arrived. The people of the community have been very helpful in getting things started. The men scrubbed and cleaned the school building and painted the black boards. Also mowed and cleaned the school yard. The Women's Club is filling jars with fruit, jam and pickles for our use when we move into our new home. Then too, at their weekly meetings they are busy sewing and quilting for us, that we will be warm and comfortable during the cold winter nights. About the middle of October will be another great day for Ezel, for then we plan to dedicate our new Church, which is a modern frame building with assembly room, lecture room, class rooms, a basement kitchen and other conveniences. It is said our Church building will be the best in Morgan County. Mention of the Church is not complete without telling of the

silver toned bell that will call us to worship.

It was with sorrow that on last Sabbath evening (Sept. 14th) we bade farewell to Mr Lowrie Anderson, the pastor during the summer months: who left to take up his work in the Pittsburgh Theological Seminary. Mr. Anderson was at Ezel about four months and during that time he won for himself a high place in the regard of the community.

At the close of the Sabbath evening service substantial evidence of the appreciation in which he is held, was given in the purse presented by the Women's Club, the Young Peoples Christian Union and the King's Daughters. We hope to soon have a permanent pastor. In the mean time Mrs. J. C. Alter will have charge of the religious work.

The prospects for this years work are excellent. Gradually the enrollment will increase, until with the closing of the country schools the first of the year, we expect to be above the one hundred mark.

With the completion of the Church building we will have a good place for community gatherings and entertainments that will be a help to the social life. The Sabbath school will be more interesting when we have separate class rooms. Church attendance, which is now good, will increase, and we hope the spiritual life will be deepened.

One of the Workers.

THE WOMEN'S BOARD REPRESENTATIVES

Three members of the Board, namely, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Hill and the home secretary, were sent to attend the dedication of the Church at Ezel, Ky., October 19th. We visited Frenchburg from Friday P. M. until Saturday P. M. The time was spent inspecting the buildings, the farm, and overlooking the work in general. The basket department in the attic of the school building was visited and from the vast amount of baskets, chairs and stools on hand we feel certain that all Christmas orders can be filled this year.

The Santa Claus room, where all new material, dolls and toys are kept, was also visited. From this department Christmas boxes are sent to four or five of the neediest families in each school district in the County. Many have received their first Christmas gift from these boxes. Something useful is put in for each member of the family and each child gets either a doll, toy or game.

Saturday morning "the store", which is the second hand clothing department, was visited. Three teachers "keep store" every Saturday. This department is patronized by people who come on horseback from "beyond the mountain". Many depending on this store to get their winter clothing at very small cost. The need is clothing of all kinds for men and boys. In the laundry, four boys were rubbing blisters on their hands on wash boards, doing the washing for some fifty beds. The farm was inspected. This is our newest department. We were interested in everything from the chickens to the new ice house and creamery.

The sewing department and the Hospital were also visited. We hope Dr. Mitchell may soon have more commodious quarters. The new electric engine was inspected. This was given by Monongahela Presbyterial from a surplus fund from the General Convention last June. The original electric light plant was purchased by Monongahela Presbyterial as a memorial to the late Miss Elizabeth D. Brown. That plant was almost out of commission. We appreciate the action of the Presbyterial in keeping up its Memorial.

EZEL

The long looked for day arrived. That is—the day of the dedication of the new United Presbyterian Church at Ezel, Ky. Since May the building had been under construction. Sometimes we feared it would not be completed in time to dedicate before winter set in, and with winter, bad roads. But October 19th., was a beautiful warm, sunshiny fall day. This beautiful frame Church, with colonial columns, stands on an elevation above the village, and can be seen from

a distance of two miles as you come from Frenchburg. It consists of an auditorium and three classrooms on the first floor, with balcony over the two class rooms at the front entrance. At the rear of the building are two class rooms (first and second story.) Furnace and kitchen in basement. A Delco Light plant furnished light for both the Church and the "teachers home". The three members of the Board and Rev. H. Ray Shear, arrived Saturday afternoon. The dedicatory service began Saturday night when Rev. Mr. Shear preached to a full house. Dr. R. A. McConagha of Stanton, Ky., preached the dedicatory sermon Sabbath morning to a house full to overflowing. Four hundred in the house and more than one hundred unable to get in. Five counties were represented.

It was a great day at Ezel and one that will long be remembered. Many coming from a distance brought their dinner and stayed for the day. Communion was observed at the morning service when more than a hundred sat down at The Lord's Table. The afternoon service was in charge of the Board members, when Mrs. H. C. Campbell gave a history of the Women's General Missionary Society. Rev. Mr. McGarvey of the Hazel Green School, (under Christian Board) brought greetings. The evening session was under the different organizations of the Church the Junior's, Kings Daughters, Women's Club and the local committee. Our own Mrs. J. C. Alter, who has been on the field since last March, has all organizations well in line. To her untiring efforts is due much of the success of the work in all departments. A congregation organized with fifty members and four efficient elders. A Sabbath School and prayer meeting (mid-week) that would put many of our city congregations to shame. People who never knew the Psalms have learned to know them, love them and sing them. The clear sweet tones of the Church bell, carry for many miles, calling the people of that mountain section to come to the house of God. This bell was donated by the Women's Missionary Society of Ingram, Pa., from a bequest left to the society by a former member.

Monday was spent by the committee in visiting the school, two teachers in the local school building, two in classrooms in the Church and the high school in the town reading room. One teacher was called home on account of sickness and would not return this year, consequently the four teachers have taken all the grades and the high school, and the reading room is not used for school purposes. Good reading matter, both books and magazines are in demand for the reading room. Maps and supplementary reading for the school.

The school children cannot write a composition without mentioning the "good and helpful things springing up in their midst." When the graded roads were begun some men of the town said, "the next thing would be a Church and a real school," and that now it seems "too good to be true". The committee returned to Frenchburg Monday evening and had the pleasure of attending Chapel Tuesday morning before leaving for home, where we arrived Wednesday evening, after a pleasant and strenuous visit with our friends in the Kentucky mountains.

Will you not continue to remember this department of the work by your gifts and above all in daily intercession that His will may be done?

FRENCHBURG SCHOOL
FRENCHBURG, KY.

September 29, 1924.

Dear Mrs. Cook:—

The clinic is over. Most patients would be gone except for the fact that this has been too wet a day for them to leave the hospital. The hand of the Lord was with us, for we had a wonderful clinic. There were 53 operations performed on 47 people in two days. I count it one of the experiences of a life time to have had a little bit to do with such a ministry of healing. The doctors arrived on schedule early Friday morning, Dr Clarence DeWeese, 154 N. Upper St., Lexington, Ky., Dr. George Wilson, 183 N. Upper St., Lexington, Ky., Dr.

J. F. Knox Mt. Sterling. Ky., Dr. O. P. Henry, Mt. Sterling Ky., Miss Brewer of Dr. WeWeese's office, Miss Annie McMahon of Mt. Sterling, and our own Mrs. Gordon. These made up the professional staff. Besides these, the matrons and teachers and workers all contributed their part. Special mention should be made of the services of Miss Chambers who kept the hospital records for the two days, Misses Beattie and Benson who sat up both nights at the hospital to relieve Dr. Mitchell and Miss McMahon. Mrs. Wigginton who fed the professional folks, Mrs. Rankin and Mrs. Durbin who were housekeepers, nurses, cooks and hostesses all in one. Among the students special mention should be made of the services of Leila Vice and Alene Hughes who did valiant service in kitchen, dining room and on the second floor where patients were. Every case is so far doing splendidly. A great victory was won when we succeeded in getting about 8 or 9 trachoma cases to consent to operation. I wanted to wire you Saturday evening concerning the success of the big undertaking but the phone office was closed. The doctors had to close the clinic Saturday on account of some critical cases in their home practice. They could have had another day of operations. Dr. DeWeese is surgeon of extraordinary skill and speed. His praise is on all lips.

One unexpected phase of the clinic was the presence of Miss Linda Neville of Lexington, Ky., the initiator and maintainer of The Mountain Fund for blind and crippled children of the Kentucky Mountains, and a member of the State Board of Charities and Corrections which has in charge the state prisons, reform schools, etc. She came by invitation of Dr. DeWeese who does a lot of her work for her on charity cases. She brought her work dress along to help but when she saw we were so well provided for she requisitioned me and we struck out over the country in search of any blind or crippled children. Had some most interesting experiences and out of several crippled children whom we found we succeeded in bringing back three with written consent to give them hospital treatment. She got a car and started right to Louisville with them to the childrens free hospital. There they will have several careful examinations particularly by Dr. Owens a famous orthopedic surgeon. She has at her disposal twelve beds in the Childrens Free Hospital of Louisville and several beds in different hospitals in Lexington and Louisville. O. W. Black went with us on our Saturday expedition down into what is called the *Big Woods* section of the county, 25 miles from here There were some heart rending scenes, but what a blessing it will be if these little rickety children can have some help, even a little bit. A note from Miss Linda (as she is affectionately called) says all three of the children are as happy as can be. She took them to her home in Lexington, one of the old aristocratic homes of the city, and kept them Saturday night, telephoning ahead to Louisville for someone to meet them there. Isn't it a fine thing to run across a true blue blood using her life in that way?

Three decissions for Christ in the Church service last night. One a high school boy and the others men. God be praised!

Sincerely yours,

H. Ray Shear.

See the November number of The *Women's Missionary Magazine* for the latest literature now ready for your orders. Do not order literature from Xenia, Ohio. All orders except for The Women's Missionary Magazine and the programs for mission study, (see 4th page of cover of this issue, are obtained from Xenia. Any carelessness in ordering costs us money, time and patience.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary, 340 S. Hiland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The commissioners sent by the Foreign Board to visit our fields abroad, Rev. W. B. Anderson, D. D., and Rev. C. S. Cleland, D. D. made a very full and comprehensive report of their journey to the Board of Foreign Missions, concluding the report with a number of recommendations. As there was a good deal of work undertaken by the Women's General Missionary Society in all the fields, and as the recommendations referred to would affect its work in the various fields, the Foreign Board very kindly invited our Board to send representatives to attend a conference which was to be held in Philadelphia on the thirteenth of November. Mrs. J. B. Hill and Mrs. H. C. Campbell were appointed to represent the Board, and, at the same time, to go to New York to see the party off which was to sail on the City of Benares on November fifteenth. The conference with the Board of Foregin Missions continued the whole day, every minute of the time being fully occupied with discussions of the work for which the Lord had made the United Presbyterian Church responsible in four foreign lands. A great deal of very useful and interesting information was received by the Women's Board members, and the conclusions reached were almost all adopted, one or two being held over for further consideration and consultation. We wonder how the two gentlemen were able to give such a comprehensive report and to go into as much detail as they did concerning all our work and institutions. The Lord heard the prayers for them and they were kept in health during the whole time of their absence and were enabled to return more filled with zeal and consecration than ever before.

On November fifteenth, on the City of Benares, three of our representatives sailed, Miss Laurella Dickson returning to India and Miss Mable H. Stewart going out for the first time to the same country. You will all be glad to know that Miss Kathryn MacKenzie's health improved greatly and that she sailed on the same date for her work in Khartum North, Egyptain Sudan, very much improved in health and appearance. The three occupied the same stateroom. They were very kindly and generously remembered by friends, judging by the number of letters, telegrams, boxes of fruit, flowers, candy and other mysterious looking packages which covered all their berths. Quite a number of the Young People of the Presbyterial were down to the ship to see them off, under the leadership of Mr. Herron of the Washington Heights Church. Although there were only three in our party, quite a number of friends had come to the hotel to say farewell, brothers and sisters and other dear friends. Rev. Mr. Knipe, one of the pastors of New York City, was also there. They went out in good spirits, each being eager to reach the field to which she believed she was called by the Holy Spirit. Our prayers for a safe journey will accompany them.

Cables have been received from all the parties which went out previously. The party for India arrived at Sialkot the very day in which the annual meeting was to convene. All agree that it was the most wonderful and pleasant voyage that any of our missionaries had ever had.

We are anxiously awaiting reports from the annual meeting in India. Especially that part which refers to estimates for the maintance of the work during 1925 and 1926. You will remember that no New World money can be given for operating expenses anywhere, so that all the new buildings that are erected must be maintained out of current expense fund. Quite a number of salaries are paid out of New World funds and the increase in salary of two hundred dollars a year is also paid out of the same fund for quite a number of missionaries. We hope you will all make it a matter of earnest prayer that the Lord will increase the annual contributions in such fashion that when the New World payments cease there will still be sufficient funds with which to support the missionaries on the field

and maintain the new buildings and institutions which came into being through New World contributions. We have never yet been compelled to say "retrench," nor cut down, nor to refuse to send a missionary out for lack of funds. Let us continue to trust the Lord and to serve Him so faithfully and so honestly that He will answer our prayers and send us, in the future as in the past, all the money needed for the various enterprises in foreign lands for which the Women's General Missionary Society is responsible.

We are all saddened over the news from Egypt that our friend and brother, Dr. Kruidenier, has been called from service to reward. He was engaged in the Theological Seminary work and was beloved by all. A letter giving a report of the funeral services says, "No one ever heard Dr. Kruidenier utter an impatient word. He never lost his temper or self-control under the most trying circumstances." This testimony from a native pastor gives evidence of a rare character. He was beloved by all who knew him, and our most tender sympathies and prayers go out to his widow and fatherless children.

Miss Margaret Douglas, who was one of the short term workers in the Cairo Girls' College, had made application for permanent appointment. Just about the time that we were ready to elect her as a regular missionary, word came of her ill health. She arrived in this country on the twentieth of November. Before leaving Egypt she wrote a letter, asking us to hold her appointment over until her health would be restored. Pray that she and a sister in this country, who is also in ill health, may be led to such treatments as will bring them both back into normal condition of health, if it be the Lord's will, and that their widowed mother may have courage and strength and faith given her abundantly as she ministers to her two afflicted daughters.

We are all encouraged to receive reports from societies of boxes of very useful goods that they are sending over to our new hospital in Addis Ababa, Abyssinia. The Lord has shown us, in a wonderful way, that He is not depending upon New World Movement for funds for any work which he wishes established. About eighty thousand dollars have already been received, not one penny of it coming through regular channels or New World Movement. They are busy now putting up the service wing of the hospital. We are also shipping bedsteads and bedside tables so that the furniture will be there as soon as the building is completed and no time lost. Dr. Lambie had opportunity of buying quite a number of instruments and medicines from persons who were going out of the medical business in that city. We, thereby, saved quite a good deal of money in the way of freight.

Reports have come that Miss Bayne is on the field and busy at work studying the language. We now have four nurses in Abyssinia, the Misses Beatty and McKibben in Sayo, and the Misses Ewing and Bayne in Addis Ababa. We also have three nurses in the Sudan, Miss Turk in Khartum North and the Misses Soule and Huffman in Nasser.

Word has been received from India that Miss Florence Jones of the Good Samaritan Hospital in Jhelum has been ordered home on account of health, returning to this country some time in January. We have every reason to believe that furlough period in America will restore her to usual health and strength and send her back well and strong to her much needed field in India.

Dr. White is reported as not being very well and is therefore coming home in January, 1925, accompanied by her niece. Miss Jones may travel on the same vessel.

Announcement he been received of the marriage of Miss Eunice Cleland and the Rev. Clinton H. Loehlin on the thirty-first of October at Gujranwala, India. Our best wishes accompany this young couple as they establish a new home, deeply regretting that we lose the services of Miss Cleland, although they are not lost to the Kingdom, as her husband is a missionary under the care of the Presbyterian Church.

Reports from the Thank-Offering are

most encouraging. We are praying that the Lord will send the amount of money for Thank-Offering that He knows the work demands. Were it not for the Thank-Offering the Foreign Department would be compelled to recall a great many of its missionaries and to shut down a large number of its institutions. Therefore we must continue to pray for a blessing on the Thank-Offering that it may never grow less.

Washington D. C. Conference, Jan 28—Feb. 2.
Let Us Pray

One of the most important missionary conferences held anywhere since the Edinburgh conference is to be held in Washington, D. C., opening on January 28, 1925. The United Presbyterian Church is entitled to more than one hundred delegates. If there are any of the readers of the Magazine who could afford the expenses necessary, we would be glad to have their names and addresses so that we might furnish them with credentials. Admission to the various sessions of the conference will be by ticket only, in a new hall which is planned to seat six thousand. The subjects to be discussed are largely, "Foreign Missions from the Home Base Standpoint," and many of the best speakers from this and other countries are on the program. It is hoped that arrangements may be made for reduced railroad and hotel rates. We are anxious to have the names and addresses as soon as possible, because we would like to plan that all United Presbyterians might go to the same hotel. We wish we could offer to pay the expenses of all persons to whom we would issue credentials, but, as we have never yet taken one penny of missionary money for administration expenses, you can readily see how impossible that would be. Let there be much prayer for this conference that the Holy Spirit may be present in power, and let us look forward to it as a trysting place where we will meet with the Master with hearts attuned to hear His message and will carry out His will.

Pray that every pledge made to the New World Movement may be paid.

Pray for a copious outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our Church, that thousands of souls may be brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ during the year upon which we are just entering.

Pray that the young people in our colleges may have their hearts turned toward active service for the establishment of the Kingdom at home and abroad.

Pray for an increase in number of women doctors and nurses that the hospitals already established may not be crippled and as many new hospitals and dispensaries as are needed may be opened and successfully equipped.

Pray for the safe voyage of all outgoing and returning missionaries.

Pray for restoration to health of all who may be incapacitated from service by reason of illness.

Pray that the Boards who have the responsibility of electing foreign missionaries may be divinely led and only choose those whom the Master has thrust out into His vineyard.

Pray that the membership in the Women's General Missionary Society may be largely increased.

Pray that the number of subscribers to our wonderful Magazine may be doubled.

BIBLE READINGS FOR WOMEN'S AND YOUNG WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS AND MISSION CIRCLES.

AS TO BIBLE READINGS

The committee on the readings has decided to send no more in for a time at least. If you have any request to make or question to ask, please write to the "Women's Board, 904 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa." The Bible questions, however, will be continued until the list is completed. If you have any question to ask regarding the questions or have enjoyed the questions thus far and wish the Magazine to know the interesting time you have had seeking for answers, address your correspondence

as above. It would be most interesting to know in which society the greatest number of questions was answered; also, the number of members seeking the answers.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS 301—325

301. Ex. 9:25. Josh. 10:11
302. Psalms 8, 22, 32, 33, 42, 50, 55, 58, 63, 66, 74, 78, 84, 102, 103, 104, 105, 118, 140, 147.
303. Deut. 20:19, 20
304. Deut. 21:22, 23
305. Deut. 21:1-9
306. Judg. 4:5; Gen.35:8
307. 1 Sam. 7:12; 1 Sam. 6:18
308. 1 Sam. 5
309. 1 Sam. 7:6
310. 1 Sam. 7:10, 11
311. 2 Chron. 16:14
312. Josh. 2:1-6
313. 1 Sam. 19:17; Gen. 31:34, 35
314. Isa. 37:36
315. Ezek. 8:3
316. 1 Sam. 21:2; 22:18, 19
317. 1 Sam. 20:24, 32-33
318. 1 Sam. 19:20-21
319. 1 Sam. 24:4
320. 2 Sam. 19:37
321. Dan. 12:1; 10:21
322. Ex. 6:20
323. Ex. 9:8-10
324. Mal. 4:5
325. Zech. 11:12, 13

QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER

326. For what three heroes were the waters of the Jordon rolled back so that they passed over dryshod?
327. What man pulled out the hair of his hearers and why?
328. What prince gave his clothes to his best friend?
329. What book was sunk in a river as a sign of the sinking of a mighty city?
330. Who was the first forester mentioned in the Bible?
331. Who met one by night riding on a red horse?
332. To what king did the bleating of sheep fortell the loss of his kingdom?
333. Who disapproved of their brother's marriage and what happened?
334. What great work was wrought by the captive cupbearer of the king?
335. Who stood at the dragon well by night and what did he see?
336. What man took refuge in a tabernacle but lost his life, and what man refused to take refuge in a temple and saved his?
337. When did a shameful practical joke involve three nations in a bloody war and cause the destruction of one and the enslavement of another?
338. What soldier on furlough refused to sleep in his own house and why?
339. Who condemned himself when he thought he was sentencing another?
340. What three prophets rebuked kings and why?
341. Who worked so hard and so fast that they slept in their clothes until the work was done?
342. What father mourned for his child while it was sick, but stopped mourning when the child died?
343. What king and what queen went in disguise to consult prophets?
344. Who was the only woman judge over Israel?
345. What two peoples, kindred to the Jews, were never allowed to enter their congregation and why?
346. Who first befriended a banished prince but afterward became his worst enemy?
347. What woman of the Moabites and man of the Philistines refused to desert their friends when they were in trouble?
348. Whose lives were saved by three bloody marks?
349. What man killed a king with his left hand?
350. What hero saw fire come out of a rock as a sign of his leadership?

WINTER

FOR SALE

This is a pathetic picture. The necessity is caused by conditions of Famine in China. Here on the road side hoping to save the life of the little one the ignorant mother waits for someone to buy her baby girl and give it a home.